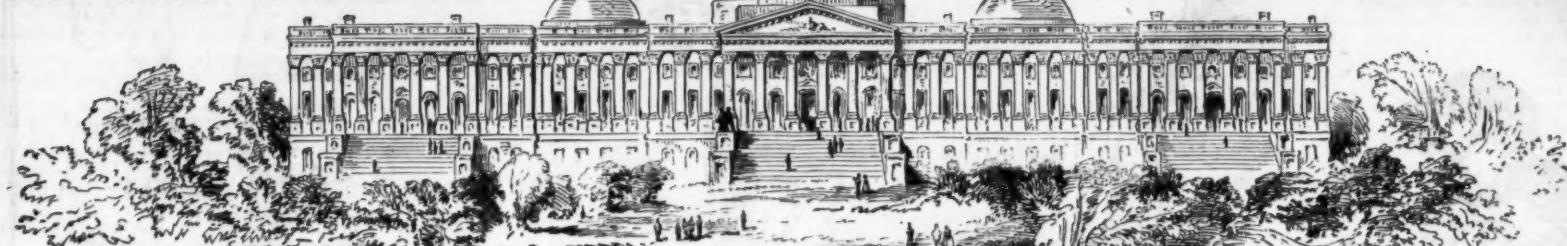


# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER



## NEWSPAPER

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### THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.

#### On Board the Ericsson.

AT four A.M. of the 7th of July the Ericsson was despatched, and the regimental drums beat to quarters. All was bustle in a moment, the troops mustered upon deck, and the regiment was shortly established in more comfortable quarters upon the larger steamer. Then Morpheus was courted indeed; in state-rooms, in berths, upon mattresses, on deck, in all sorts of attitudes and various humors the worn-out regiment composed itself to sleep. But its slumbers did not last beyond eight or nine in the morning; Old Point Comfort was passed and saluted with thirteen guns at ten o'clock, and a new pilot taken on board shortly after entering the Chesapeake, the former one having repeatedly grounded the Ericsson.

Before we follow the corps up the Chesapeake, we wish to express our own and our artist's acknowledgments of the kindness and attention experienced at the hands of the entire regiment, mentioning especially the names of Col. Duryea, Lieut. Col. Lefferts, Lieut. Kent of the Sixth Company, Surgeon William Woodward, Quarter-Masters Winchester and Laimbeer, Ordnance Officer Dross, Quarter-Master's Sergeant Rathbone, and, indeed, all the other officers and the whole of the gallant Sixth Company.

#### Aground in the Potomac.

The Ericsson was grounded more than once on her passage up the Potomac after leaving the Chesapeake, and just before daylight on the 8th, she grounded immovably on a shoal known as Kettle Bottoms. As soon as this was perceived, the small boats were lowered and loaded with a heavy anchor attached to a hawser.

They were rowed a short distance from the ship, and an attempt made to drop the anchor, when it went over with a splash, taking one of the boats down with it stern foremost, and tossing the men out as from an upset whaleboat. Fortunately no one was injured,

ington for a steamer to take up the regiment. The Ericsson lay all day with the Seventh on board upon Kettle Bottoms, and the men resorted to every imaginable expedient by way of killing time. As mentioned in our last, they organized a mock Court-Martial, of which we also presented an illustration at the time. At length, about half-past three P.M., the Thomas Collyer, a Mount Vernon boat, came alongside and took off part of the regiment, and the remainder were taken off about midnight and safely landed in Washington on Friday morning, twenty-four hours later than their appointed time.

Preparations had been made by the citizens and military of Washington to receive the regiment, and the following companies had turned out for the purpose: The Light Infantry, Lieut. Tucker; Highlanders, Capt. Watt; Union Guards, Lieut. Donelly; Montgomery Guard, Lieut. Kelcher; President's Mounted Guard, Lieut. Teal; German Yagers, Lieut. Veitze, and a detachment of United States Marines, under Serjeant-Major Robinson. The regimental officers were Col. Hickey, Lieut. Col. Bacon, Major Peck, Adjutant Henry N. Ober.

The first thing to be thought of, however, was some rest and refreshment for the visitors, and measures were accordingly taken insure a breakfast for them.

At an early hour a notification was sent to President Buchanan, informing him that the regiment desired to be reviewed by him, and he immediately returned reply stating that he would be not only willing but happy to review the Seventh, and would consider himself honored by the visit. Orders were therefore issued by Col. Duryea to the effect that the regiment should parade in front of the City Hall at eleven A.M., and in the meantime the men dispersed about the city, visiting the Houses of Congress, the Government buildings, calling upon Gen. Cass, &c. The gray uniform was everywhere seen a couple of hours.

A heavy shadow was, however, thrown over the regiment at this time by the announcement that the body of Laurens Hamilton had been found floating in the river at Richmond. Mr. Hamilton, a universal favorite with his corps, had been carried on board at Richmond in a state of serious illness, and it is supposed that he must have approached the sides of the boat immediately afterwards, and had fallen overboard unnoticed amid the confusion of leave-taking. He was a grandson of the celebrated general whose name he bore.

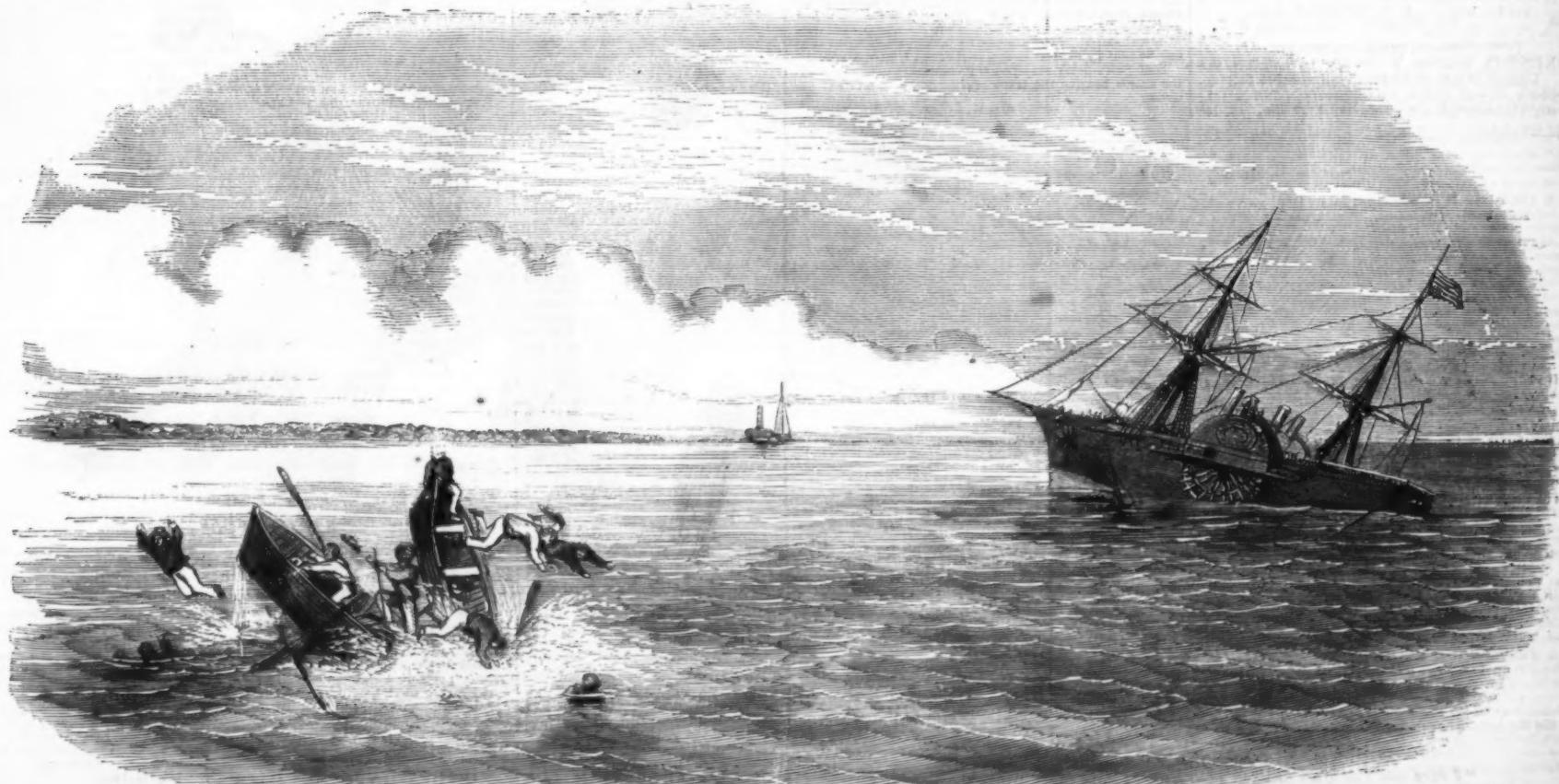
#### The Rev. Sullivan H. Weston, Bishop Elect of Texas.

We present in this number the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Weston, who accompanied the Seventh Regiment on its late journey to Richmond and the South. Mr. Weston acted on this occasion as temporary chaplain to the corps, by whom, as by his parishioners, he was universally respected and beloved. Donning the uniform



THE REV. SULLIVAN H. WESTON, BISHOP ELECT OF TEXAS

and the anchor taking a good hold, the men grasped the hawser, the line extending the whole length of the ship, and commenced hauling with a will. The efforts to move the ship were, however, futile, and it was necessary to despatch a Quarter-Master to Wash-



ACCIDENT TO THE BOATS OF THE ERICSSON.

of regimental chaplain, he accompanied the Seventh in all its recent peregrinations, and we have already spoken in this and preceding numbers of his admirable sermon on the voyage to Richmond, and of his address while standing by the tomb of Washington. We regret that our space does not allow an extract from the eloquent and, what is better, sensible remarks which he uttered upon that hallowed spot.

Mr. Weston is a native of the State of Maine—*magna mater clericorum* she might almost be entitled—and was born at Bristol on the 7th of October, 1816. He graduated at the Wesleyan University, in 1843, and, joining the Episcopal communion, was ordained a deacon in Trinity Church in 1847. He has officiated in that parish ever since, and is now, as assistant minister of Trinity, placed in charge of St John's Chapel, the former incumbent of which parish was Bishop Wainwright. At the late Episcopal Convention he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Texas, but has declined, as we understand, the episcopal nomination.

As one of those divines who succeed in combining the genial urbanity of a thorough gentleman with the mild deportment and Christian character of a minister of the Gospel, Mr. Weston's popularity is easily intelligible, and although his decision in regard to his episcopal nomination may be a gain to our own city, we cannot but believe that the Diocese of Texas will regret that it does not obtain his services.

#### BY-AND-BYE.

WHERE'RK heavy hearts are beating,  
Comes the gently whispered greeting,  
Hope's sweet voice is o'er repeating,  
By-and-bye ! by-and-bye !

Chase the teardrop, check the sigh,  
Joy is coming by-and-bye !

Rosy childhood's pulse is bounding,  
To that magic whisper's sounding,  
Telling of the joys abounding  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye !

Haste the moments, let them fly—  
Joys, we'll grasp them by and-bye.  
To the student, pale and weary,  
Through the night-hours, long and dreary,

Steals an echo soft, yet cheery,  
By-and-bye ! by-and-bye !

Flinch not, pause not, gurdon high  
Shall reward thee by-and-bye.

To him across the ocean foaming,  
Far from home and loved ones roaming,  
Floats an echo through the gloaming,  
By-and-bye ! by-and-bye !

Thrills the warm heart, lights the eye,  
With thoughts of meeting by-and-bye.

The watcher by some loved one lying  
Wan and helpless, to her sighing  
Hears angelic tones replying,  
By-and-bye ! by-and-bye !

Watch and pray—the languid eye  
Health shall brighten by-and-bye.

The mourner by the green grave weeping,  
Where a cherished form is sleeping,  
Hears a spirit softly speaking,  
By-and-bye ! by-and-bye !

Dear one, lift thy thoughts on high,  
We shall meet thee by-and-bye !

#### DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**A New Ginevra.**—A very remarkable case happened in Brooklyn last week. A boy of nine years of age was playing in the streets when one of his playmates gave him a penny to buy candy with. The poor little fellow having made his purchase went into his mother's house to enjoy it in quiet. Hearing one of his companions coming up stairs, he secreted himself in a large empty trunk and closed the lid. The other not being able to find him left the house. After some time, the boy being missed, his parents instituted a search. Not being able to find him indoors they had the neighborhood searched. Some three days afterwards they were attracted by a strong effluvia from the chest, which, upon being opened, revealed the dead body of the poor boy in a state of putrefaction; unable to get out the unfortunate child had been suffocated. Our readers will no doubt recollect the story of the Italian bride, who, on her marriage day, in a fit of playfulness, got into a large oaken chest, which closed with a secret spring. Years afterwards it was opened and there laid a skeleton in bridal array. Rogers makes use of this legend in his *Ital.*

**An Iconoclast.**—A Rochester correspondent, who signs the above name, sends us a graphic account of almost a revolution in Rochester. It appears that Mayor Clark of that town is a very great man, and, walking along with his head in the clouds, he ran it against the shingle of a bookseller named Darrow. Dreadful was the rage of the Mayor. Like a second Sampson, he carried off the sign with as much ease as though it had only been the gates of Gaza! Darrow seeing his sacred shingle in the hands of the Philistine Mayor rushed after him; a desperate struggle ensued, in which the Mayor triumphed and the sacred symbol of literature was taken from the disconsolate Darrow. Mayor Clark is an honor to the race of Mares. We only wish we had a "horse of that color" in New York. It is very clear that Darrow cannot come the Raray over Mare Clark. At the same time we have tears of compassion for the shingleless Darrow. The Rochester *Democrat* is very facetious and furious on the Mayor, whom it likens to Bluebeard. Darrow has put up another shingle and written over it,

"If Clark our shingle dare displace,  
Must meet Bombastes face to face!"

Doesticks has been despatched to write epitaphs on the killed and wounded.

**A Mean Wretch.**—Much evil has its rise in the cowardice of the press. We often see a dastardly deed stigmatized, but no name given, thus neutralizing the effect of exposure. If men were sure of being branded for offences and meanness which do not come within the law they would not be m—t then. As an instance, we clip the following from the *Daily Times* of July 17. Why does not the *Times* give the man's name?

**A Director Loose.**—A poor woman found a memorandum book on Saturday last, for the recovery of which the man who owned it had offered a reward of \$1. The finder walked between two and three miles to restore the property, and when she asked for the promised reward, was told by the owner to go about her business or she would be arrested. That man would make a capital director of a ferry or railroad company."

**A Dashing Wretch.**—The rascality of man and the folly of woman are becoming almost synonymous. A very gentle girl came, the other day, before Justice Steers and said:

About two months ago, a good-looking young man accosted her in Grand street. She paid no attention to him. He met her again day or two afterward and bowed to her. He was very handsome and very polite, and she finally allowed him to speak to her. The sequel was speedily reached. A runaway marriage ensued. She has now ascertained that her young husband was married five years ago in Boston, and that his wife is living in California. The name of the young bigamist was given as James M. Kennedy. A dagger-rectangle of his represents him as a very dashing young fellow with a splendid head of hair, an unrivaled moustache and "killing tie." Justice Steers issued a warrant for his arrest.

If young ladies pick up husbands in the streets they must take the consequences of their indiscretions, and we are bound to add, immodest behaviour.

**Pie-Sic.**—The First Presbyterian Hoboken Sunday Schoolers made a pleasant excursion last week to David's Island in the Cataline. The day was one of the finest of the season, and every one, young and old, enjoyed the trip. They are under great obligations to the Rev. Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Rose for their liberality and excellent management.

**The Steuben Monument.**—On Monday and Tuesday a festival was held by our German citizens at Conrad's Garden, Yorkville, to raise funds for a monument to that brave champion of our glorious Revolution, Baron Steuben. The friend of Washington and a hero of the Revolution, he has had no fitting memorial as yet raised to his memory. This neglect, however, will soon be remedied, since meetings have been held in Baltimore and Cincinnati to collect funds for the same patriotic purpose. At Conrad's Garden there was much hilarity and good feeling, maintained with larger beer and sausages with ham and sauerkraut, saying nothing of Germanic sausages. Among the entertainments was climbing up a greased pole for a pair of pants and other fixings. Despite the temptation of wearing the breeches thus so easily attainable, ladies were not eligible to compete.

**A Just Tribute.**—The *Windsor Herald*, C.W., has an article upon the infamous quality of our meat. We quote the following well-deserved tribute to our friend Dr. Dixon of the *Soule*: "That bold, vigorous and unflinching writer, Dr. Dixon, renders his quarterly more interesting on each issue. This opinion may be the effect of last impressions; but we believe that no number excels the last, although some of the preceding may be equal to it. We look upon the doctor as one of the greatest social reformers on this continent; and there is an originality both in his ideas and his manly style that induces all readers who concur in an article of his to read it to the end."

**Davidige the Comedian.**—We are glad to see that this eminent comedian is engaged at Niblo's to perform some of his favorite characters. In Jim Baggs, Poor Pliccoody, and, indeed, in all low comedy parts, he is now the best actor on the boards. His burlesque is also uncommonly good, and the absence of all vulgarity and buffoonery in his personations render it a perfectly safe venture to take ladies to see him—a commendation not always deserved by our leading *farceurs*.

**Ladies with Latch-Keys.**—A Mr. Harby shot a Mr. Stone at his store in New Orleans on the 27th of March. On the 17th of June he was tried for the murder. The *Picayune* thus records the manner in which the verdict was received: "The crowd in the court-room, which was now densely packed, burst forth into one roar of approbation, and rushed toward the prisoner to congratulate him. In vain the deputy sheriff called 'order,' and rushed in among the crowd; but it was not until Mr. Durant, standing upon a chair, asked, for the sake of Mr. Harby, to keep quiet, that a little order was established. After Mr. Harby was duly discharged, the crowd rushed out to see him. He was taken into the clerk's office, and after the crowd had rushed into St. Anne street he was led quietly out, and placed in a carriage and driven off. As he passed down St. Anne street the crowd greeted him with shouts. The old gentleman waved his hat. The daughter, who had been remaining in an outer office during the whole trial, was taken away in a carriage by some friends." The sagacious reader will of course perceive that the *shooter* was the father, and the *shot* was the seducer of his daughter. So far so good. The heart is right—but let us warn fathers of granting their daughters dangerous indulgences, since it ends in making the daughter a wanton, and himself a homicide. It appears this father—if he can deserve the name, so far as *precaution* is concerned, although in vengeance he regained the name—was in the habit of allowing his daughter a latch-key. This was certainly encouraging her *laches*. The fair wanton wench, who is thus described by the Press— "A few minutes elapsed, and the bolt of the middle door shot back, and Miss Harby, closely veiled, entered, leaning upon the arm of Captain Fremaux. She walked falteringly up to the witness chair and took a seat. At the solicitation of the Attorney General, her heavy brown veil was raised, leaving only the black lace, through which the features were plainly discernable. Her face is beautiful, and the piercing black eyes fairly sparkled as she encountered the gaze of the gaping multitude of men before her. Her voice has that silvery tone which is so calculated to please—neither too soft nor too harsh. She expressed herself, when not agitated, clearly and firmly, using the most chaste and elegant language"—in evidence says: "I always got in the house by means of a night key; I had been out with another gentleman with the night key, but was not in the habit of so doing; I had been out with Mr. Morrow and Mr. Simons, and once with Mr. Colles, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Kitchen and Mr. Allinett; only used the night key with Mr. Morrow and Mr. Stone."

Mr. Colles testifies that he had been out with Miss Harby at Odd Fellows' Hall; on one occasion took her home, and she entered with night key; could not say the bearing of Miss Harby was that of a lady on one occasion; when she was tying her boot she raised her dress somewhat, and asked him how he liked the shape of her leg; met her at a party at Mr. Newnan's and at several other places; Mr. Stone did not request him to take her to Odd Fellows' Hall; he left her himself.

We advise ladies never to have dealings with such dirty things as Colles—without justifying Miss Harby's exhibition of her *caf*. We think the *caf* in the witness box made a more contemptible exhibition. For the sake of New Orleans ladies, we know from all tradition New York ladies won't stand that sort of thing, we advise all southern ladies to avoid Kings—they are bad from the heel to the crown—but George the Third, woman-scalper and child-slayer as he was, never came up to his namesake. Out of his own mouth let his condemnation come:

Mr. George King swore—Knew Miss Harby in 1855; was introduced to her at Mrs. Jenkins' in the winter of 1854; met Miss Harby several times; met her once in the street, and then walked around to the Washington Artillery arsenal, where she permitted me to caress her and kiss her, and take other liberties. [When asked if he could have taken other liberties with her he declined at first answering, but being compelled, he said that he thought he could; that while he was in an excited state of mind, and she also much excited, the keeper of the army came in; he supposed he could have succeeded in accomplishing what was wished, but could not say if he would have gone so far.] Visited Mr. Harby's several times; does not think that she knew Mr. Stone then. [Upon being questioned by a jurymen he stated that he supposed from her actions that she might have thought that he intended addressing her; took liberties with her on several occasions.]

Two fellows, of the names of Simons and Morrow were examined, and testified to certain amabilities on the part of Miss Caroline Harby, but agreeing, as we do, with Shakespeare, that

"He who sips a woman's lips to tell,  
Is worse than any fiend in hell."

We leave them to the fate of all perjurers receive. In justice to the lady of the latch-key, we quote this complete passage:

Miss Harby recalled by defence—Upon entering the room, she stood up near the witness stand, and raising her right hand aloft, she exclaimed, "Gentlemen, before Almighty God I do now swear that I never had intercourse with any of the gentlemen who have so sworn, and why they have come to swear away my honor and my father's life, I cannot tell. It is strange indeed I'm falling upon the chair she wept convulsively.

Upon recovering, she stated that she never had intercourse with Mr. Simons, never had with Mr. Morrow; always had the most exalted opinion of the latter. She was then led out of court.

As Mr. Stone seems to have had a conscience and a heart of that material, the father very properly shot him. So much for the fatal results of ladies having latch-keys.

**Kansas Dentistry.**—Judge Porter gives the following account of the method in which teeth are taken out of the heads of Border Ruffians: "One end of a firm hemp string was fastened upon the aching member, while the other, securely tied around a bullet purposely notched, was put in the barrel of an old flint-lock musket, loaded with an extra charge of powder. When all was ready, the desperate operator caught hold of the gun and 'let drive.' Out flew the tooth, and away bounded the musket several feet. This mode of extracting teeth became the chosen and only mode practised in this region for many years."

**Precept and Example.**—An exchange has these verses:

Jones called on Smith the other day  
To aid him in his sore distress;  
He was a parson grave and gray,  
Who did much Christian love profess;  
But said that all his means were due  
To aid the blacks in Timbuctoo;  
Then added, as to Heaven he threw  
His eyes, "The Lord will succor you!"  
Jones thereupon his footstep bent  
To one they call an Infidel—  
He, at a word, assistance lent  
And gave him good advice as well,  
Doing it on the good old plan  
His fellow-sufferer was a man.  
Tell me, ye readers, if ye can,  
Which was the Good Samaritan?

We are no believers in the duty of persons helping everybody; they are signs posts whose value would be destroyed if it followed its own direction!

**Life in Death.**—The Rochester *Democrat* relates the following remarkable resuscitation from drowning. As every day has its victim, we give it a place in our columns as a guide and an encouragement: "Charles McNeal, Esq., of Vermon, gives, through the *Northern Lance*, an account of the resuscitation of his own son. He was missing on Sunday afternoon, and on inquiry it was ascertained that he was last seen on a boat at the wharf; his brother was sent to search for him, but returned without any tidings. Once more he returned to the boat; looking carefully in every direction he discovered him lying on the bottom of the lake, in eight feet of water, where he must have lain a half hour if not longer. The boy, when recovered, manifested no signs of life—no heart, the heart was still and the lungs quiescent. The father having read, a few days previous, an article by Dr. Buchanan on resuscitating the drowned, had the body placed on a bed, the neighbors were directed to rub it briskly with flannel cloths, an order which they obeyed with great reluctance, from the thought of performing this office on a corp-e, a feeling which the father admitted he also entertained; warm flannel sheets were applied in rapid succession; these measures were continued thirty or forty minutes, when a feeble murmur in the throat was heard, followed soon after by a slight quiver in the lips. The boy slowly recovered."

#### CALIFORNIA.

The dates of the Moses Taylor are San Francisco, July 4. The stampede to the new gold regions increases greatly, and threatens to withdraw much of the Californian floating population. The only subject now interesting the public of the golden region is the rush of miners, and, indeed, of men of every description to Fraser River. We notice in the English papers a report that Sir Allan McNab will be appointed as Governor of New Caledonia. We should hardly think that probable, since he is a Tory fossil of the worst kind, and about the most improper man living for the position.

#### FRAZER RIVER GOLD DIGGINGS.

The news from this place is to the 16th July. A steamer had succeeded in ascending Fraser River to Fort Hope. Some 240 passengers took passage in her. At Wilts Bar the miners averaged two ounces per diem. The Indians were becoming troublesome. The gold is as fine as flour. The miners have only gone yet as far as two feet.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

##### ENGLAND.

###### Parliamentary Summary.

**HOUSE OF LORDS.**—On the 15th Lord Ellenborough elaborately reviewed the Indian bill, which he said was the most gratuitous truckling to the House of Commons he ever remembered. The bill passed to a second reading.

On the 16th the India bill was debated, and made good progress in Committee.

Lord Malmesbury said the subject of the forced loan by the Mexican Government was under the consideration of the law officers of the Crown.

It is expected Parliament would be prorogued on the 31st July, so as to allow the Queen to visit Cherbourg on the 5th August. She will be attended by about twenty steamers of war, to add to the grandeur of the spectacle.

**HOUSE OF COMMONS.**—On the 15th July D'Israeli introduced a bill for the Purification of the Thames and the Drainage of London, the Government to guarantee a loan for about 15,000,000 dollars to commence the works with.

On the 16th the Jew bill, as amended by the Lords, passed the second reading. Most of the business now before Parliament is of a purely local character, and consequently devoid of interest to the American public.

It is understood that the Government will not take any proceedings against Mr. Alisop for his complicity in the Simon Bernard plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon, and it has withdrawn their offer of a reward for his apprehension. By the way, it is stated that a person residing here, to whom Mr. Alisop confided his identity, offered to betray him to the British Consul for a consideration, but received no encouragement from that high-minded gentleman. For the sake of human nature and common trust in friendship, we hope there is no truth in this report. We may inquire, *en passim*, how it is that while England would not give up a criminal charged with complicity of murder to an ally, she yet demands a fugitive default from this country?

We have foreign news to the 24th ult. by the arrival of the steamer Vanderbilt and Persia.

Asiatic intelligence is highly important. Gallior has been retaken by the British. The rebels are now deprived of their only great magazine and gun foundry.

The British and French have taken the fort at the mouth of the Pei-ho river, mounting 128 guns. Access to Pekin is now open, and the forces were advancing up the river.

Six thousand French troops have been despatched to the Gulf of Pechele.

Much unpopularity has been incurred by Queen Victoria through her intended visit to Cherbourg. She goes on the 18th inst. to Berlin, on a visit to her daughter.

The *Monde* ridicules the English alarmists.

In Parliament, the Jeddah massacre, the state of the Thames, the India bill, and the government of New Caledonia, occupied attention.

Indemnity has been promptly offered by the Porte to the English and French sufferers through the outbreak at Jeddah. Thirty thousand dollars have been given respectively to the families of the British and French consuls.

Intelligence received from Africa announces the discovery of indigenous cotton in Ashantee, which is equal to the best Sea Island. Vigorous measures are already taken to promote its growth.

The wheat harvest in England is abundant.

The Vanderbilt reports favorable weather for the Atlantic Telegraph fleet.

Mr. Murphy has been beaten in chess contests.

#### TURKEY.

**SERVES ENGLAND RIGHT.**—Scarcely three years have passed since Christian England poured out her blood and treasure to aid those eunuchs-souled, woman-strangling wretches the Turks. She is properly served—*cœs sanguis*. A letter from Belgrade of the 11th, in the *Ost Deutsche Post*, says: "Eight men and a corporal of Turkish regulars endeavored

**Royal Brides.**—The Prince of Wales, it appears, is in a bad way; so far as wives are concerned—there being only seven Protestant princesses eligible; for the sake of our fair readers we give them: Alexandrine of Prussia, Anna of Darmstadt, Augusta of Holstein, Wilhelmina of Wurtemburg, Alexandra of Denmark, and Catharine of Oldenburg. It is a fortunate thing he is not a Mormon, otherwise he would have a short supply. If there were any chivalry in him he would take a banjo, blacken his face, engage one of Henry Wood's minstrels, and travel *incognita* to all their Courts, to win their hearts as a wandering troubadour. If his mamma Victoria wishes to make the Fifth Avenue her friend, why does she not select some fair belle of Japonica as her son's bride? It may be our American prejudice, but we strongly conclude it takes an American lady to adorn a throne, since they are all born queens!

**The Romance of Madness.**—One of the most extraordinary divorce cases that ever were brought to trial has just been in the courts. A gentleman named Robinson sued for a divorce on the ground of his wife's infidelity with a Dr. Lane. The only evidence against her was a private diary she kept, in which she detailed dialogues and scenes with Dr. Lane, which were conclusive of their guilt. Indeed, had the lady wished to convict herself, she could not have been more explicit in the details of their guilty dalliance. What was the astonishment of the spectators, as well as the judge and prosecutors, when it was proved to the satisfaction of all parties that Mrs. Robinson having fallen in love with Dr. Lane, who was not even aware of her infatuation, and she being a lady of great imagination, relieved her overwrought heart by weaving a bower of bliss in the garden of her brain. The dialogues were all ideal, and the raptures were made out of airy nothing. Some of the passages were read by the prosecution, and had an air of reality worthy of a police report. A lady with a surplus fancy is rather a dangerous acquaintance. They had better bestow it upon the public in the shape of poems, than keep it to themselves, to fall into the hands of jealous husbands.

**A Novelist's Morals.**—Sir Edward Bulwer was so frightened at his wife's appearance on the hustings, that he straightway hired two disreputable quack doctors to sign a medical certificate of her insanity. Having trapped her into an interview with a friend of his, for the ostensible purpose of making some arrangement for the payment of her debts, two policemen took her in custody and lodged her in a lunatic asylum. Her capture is thus described in a London paper:

"On announcing their names, they were shown into the drawing-room, and Dr. Thompson waited upon them. He had hardly closed the door, however, when it was again opened and another gentleman entered. 'A friend of mine, ladies, who has casually dropped in.' It was remarked that, notwithstanding the subject to be discussed, and which had been broached, was quite of a private nature, the friend kept his seat; and that, though he took no part in the conversation, he listened attentively to what was said. There being signs that the interview was near its close, he withdrew. Lady Lytton seemed to have, on entering the house, a presentiment that there was no favorable information for her, and, after putting a few questions to Dr. Thompson, which he answered hesitatingly, she said, 'You have not consulted Sir Edward, Dr. Thompson—tell me, is not that the case?' He owned that he could not give her any satisfactory answer, and her ladyship arose with her friend to depart. Dr. Thompson expressed a desire that she would not hurry away; nevertheless she proceeded, and on getting outside the room, was astounded to see before her two policemen, two women who had the appearance of nurses, and a gentleman who, it has since been found, is the keeper of a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of London. Dissemblance or concealment being no longer necessary, the purpose of this assembly was in a few words explained."

"The policemen did 'their duty,' and her ladyship was constrained to enter the carriage, her friend forcing herself in immediately after her, and refusing to leave it. One or two gentlemen also seating themselves within it, the party was rapidly driven to an asylum at Brentford, kept by a person of the name of Hill.

"Arrived at the gate of this gloomy abode, the ladies were told they must part, and, after a short scene, which we will not attempt to depict, they separated, the gates closing on 'the insane,' and her friend being driven back to her lodgings. Previous to this lady's leaving London, she received a note from Sir Edward's solicitor, in which it was stated that the right honorable baronet would be glad to see her at his residence, No. 1 Park lane. She indignantly declined the interview. Shortly afterwards the solicitor called and represented that it might be advantageous to her to see Sir Edward; but she gave him a definite answer, and her ladyship arose with her friend to depart.

The indignation of the press and the fear that such a villainous proceeding might endanger the ministry, of which the author of 'Paul Clifford' is a member, has compelled Sir Edward to release his wife and increase her allowance.

#### FRANCE.

**Very Frenchy.**—The Marseilles *Semaphore* relates a most singular suicide. An old lady, sixty-three years of age, appeared the other day in broad noon, on the top of the long slanting roof of the house she lived in, which is four stories high; seating herself on the top, she called to the people in the street to look at her. A crowd soon gathered, when to their horror she called to them, "Good people, get out of my way," and deliberately placing herself in a reclining position, she rolled down the slope, and fell into the street. She died a few minutes afterwards. An unrequited affection for a young man was the cause. We are too apt to consider our grandmothers insensible to the tender passion, despite Nînon de l'Enclos' flirtations at ninety, saying nothing of Queen Elizabeth's at seventy!

**Roman Insolence.**—The French press is very indignant at the manner in which their troops are treated in Rome. It appears that owing to the usual arrogance of the French military, they have made themselves very obnoxious to both the people and the Papal guards. A short time since a conflict took place between the French and Roman soldiers; the field of battle was the Coliseum; after a short contest the Gallic Cock chased the Roman Eagle even to the very base of the Aurelian Column. In the evening, however, the combat was renewed, when the Romans were victorious, thanks to a few heavy stones contributed by the mob. The Pope threatens to withdraw to Austrian territory if the French are not more moderate in their conduct. Cardinal Antonelli is a bitter enemy to the French, and more especially to Louis Napoleon. The Pope has again refused to crown Louis Napoleon.

**Famil Impudence.**—A few months since the Mr. and Mrs. Elephant of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, had a son and heir. Strange to say, a strong antipathy existed between the son and sire—so much so, that to prevent mischief, an enclosure was made for Elephant junior. The other day, upon the old elephant marching into his enclosure, the impudent young one commenced collecting sand and pebbles with his trunk, and discharging them into his father's face. The wrath of the elder was something terrible to see; withdrawing to the other end of the enclosure he charged down on the railing which separated him from his infant cub. Fortunately the keepers to a place in time to appease the enraged animal. They have been removed to a place where they cannot see each other.

**Royal Constancy.**—Some two years ago the eldest son of the Elector of Hesse married a very dashing actress named Birnham; to get out of the way of his father's wrath he took his fair bride to Paris. He is now so hard up for cash that he has offered to separate from his wife if his father will pay his debts, and give him \$50,000, one-half of which is to be paid the actress bride as a sep for the loss of her Cerberus. The Elector hesitates, being anxious with true German thrift, to drive a closer bargain. We have no sympathy for the deserted lady. Actresses should not degrade themselves by marrying princes.

**Rachel's Love Letters.**—Rachel's habit of hoarding is likely to produce some bad consequences, since the purchaser of an old sofa has found secreted in the recesses, and under the seat, a bundle of love letters sent to her during her life by the most eminent men of the day. He intends to convert these into bank notes, and will thus realize a fortune out of an old lounge.

**Dumas and the Fine Arts.**—An anecdote is going the rounds, at the expense of M. Dumas and his new journey in unknown regions. The author having arrived in Switzerland, where good French and bad German were not discountable, was desirous of informing an *aberration* that he wished to have a plate of mushrooms—a gastronomic fancy that had seized him. After vain attempt to get at it by *champignon*, *scicuan*, &c., an artistic thought seized him, namely, to give a sketch. The result was perfect, and Dumas had a notion of reserving it for next year's exhibition of the Beaux Arts; but gastronomy prevailed before fine arts. A guttural noise informed Dumas that mine host had understood him, and ere long he was served with—a plate of mushrooms? No, an umbrella!

#### SPAIN.

**Spanish Buncombe.**—The war epidemic which so fearfully raged two months since in our Congress has broken out in Madrid with great violence. England is in a bad way, since if France does not conquer England, Spain will. The Spanish Ministry has drawn out a letter of severe rebuke to John Bull, and its awful nature may be judged from the following extract from *L'Espagne*, the Government organ of Spain: "In an extraordinary Cabinet Council, held in the presence of the Queen, the note by which the Spanish Minister will demand explanations from the English Cabinet relative to the offensive language employed by Lord Malmsbury toward Spain was read. That this note shall possess all the dignity and energy which become a nation of such glorious antecedents as ours, is required by the gratuitous and unjust nature of the accusation, and by the dignity of the Spanish name."

#### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The dates from Hawaii are May 29th. There had been a grand torchlight procession in Honolulu of Americans. It was a parting compliment to Mr. Gregg, late Commissioner of the United States. Barnum Field made an appropriate speech, to which Mr. Gregg replied, and at the close of his address introduced his successor, Judge Borden. It wound up with a capital supper.

A horse race came off on the Waikiki course, in which Vandyke carried off the stakes.

The birth of an heir to the throne of the Sandwich Empire had been the cause of much rejoicing.

We notice the following subject for discussion at the Honolulu Lyceum, which gives evidence of more liberty than the French enjoy. "Which is the best adapted for the welfare of the natives, their present form of government or their former one?" There is a severe editorial on Charles Mackay's degree of John and Jonathan.

#### JEDDAH.

The brutal Mahometans have again shown their gratitude to France and England by rising at Jeddah, in Arabia, and massacring all the Christians they could lay their hands on among others the English Consul and the French Consul and his wife. About twenty managed to escape to the British steamer Cyclops. The place will be occupied by French and English troops, and due

vengeance taken on the guilty. Three English ships of war have been ordered to the spot. The sooner such barbarians are exterminated the better. Everything demonstrates the rapid death of "the sick man." In Bosnia the Turks and Christians are having constant and bloody collisions.

#### PERSIA.

**Love and Duty.**—The Honorable Mr. Murray, whose *Haison* with a fair inmate of the Shah of Persia led to the late war, has been recalled, and Mr. Alison, Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, is to succeed him. Mr. Alison possesses the great advantage of being able to transact the official business with the Persian court without the dangerous intervention of an interpreter. It ought to be a rule with all Governments never to trust a foreigner in negotiations. If Ambassadors cannot speak the language of the nation they are accredited to, there ought to be a college for the education of Secretaries, in which the various languages should be taught, so as to qualify them for the post of interpreter.

#### CHINA.

The Europa has brought news to the 29th April. The allied forces had arrived in the Gulf of Pechino, which is not far from Pekin. The first blow would be struck in a few days by the capture of the forts at the mouth of the River Peche, on whose banks Pekin is situated.

#### PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

**Fashions.**—A profusion of elegant varieties renders the selection of the choicest really a difficult task. We give a few of the most *recherché* dresses.

First, we mention one of mauve-colored silk, with a double skirt; the upper one composed of alternate breadths of mauve and white, and all are covered with splendid chiné and flowers. Robes in the same style may be had in dark blue, green, cinnamon, brown, and various other fashionable hues. A robe of silver gray silk has two flounces, edged with a brocade border of small flowers. Another of pink silk, figured with white, has quilles and two broad flounces. The flounces are bordered with a wreath of white brocade flowers, presenting by night-light almost the effect of silver embroidery. A very elegant robe, suited for promenade costume, has a ground of emerald, with two broad Pompadour flounces. A dress of the same class as that just mentioned is composed of green and white striped silk, of the pattern called *mille rives*. It has a double skirt, with tartan quilles. The robe Castiglione is of a high aristocratic character. It has a double skirt; the one is of rich royal blue silk, and the upper one, which is of gray and white *mille rives*, has quilles of royal blue ribbon, disposed with peculiar taste. A broad silk fringe is attached to the end of each ribbon.

It is necessary to say a few words on the style of making dresses. Those of silk, or even of more simple materials, intended for full evening costume, frequently have corsages rounded in front of the waist; others have corsages pointed both in front and at the back—a style which has the recommendation of giving increased slenderness to the waist.

So various and capricious is fashion at the present time, that we occasionally see ladies, not demanding full evening costume, with corsages high to the throat; others with corsages half high, *à la vierge*, with the fulness gathered to a point in front of the waist. Many corsages are shaped square at the neck, *à la Raphael*.

Very favorite trimming for the double skirts of silk dresses consists of a gouffering or plaiting of ribbon. This trimming may be placed on one or both skirts. The ribbon employed may be either figured or plain, but a chequered pattern is extremely effective. Bias bands, set on flat, are also a favorite trimming. They may be of the same material as the dress, or of some color amalgamating with it. For those who prefer a more simple and less expensive toilette, we mention for full dress summer *meilleure* antique, stripes and plaids on a gray ground, and clouded silks; tissues, with small gray flowers on a white or colored ground, and surrounded by stripes of two tints, forming a square; sprig patterns of a new gold tint; gray silks, shaded to imitate puffs, and intersected by gold stripes.

Mantelets are as various in shape as in material. Scarf mantelets are very generally worn. They may be made of black silk, the same material as the dress, or of white muslin, either plain or figured. Those of black silk have usually no trimming, and are gathered down at the back of the neck by a bow of ribbon. Those of white muslin have a running of colored ribbon all round, and are gathered down in the same manner at the back by a bow of ribbon, with long flowing ends.

We have seen one decided novelty in muslin mantelet. It is in the form of a small shawl, and has three rows of bouillonnées, one passing down the centre of the back and one along each shoulder. Between these rows of bouillonnées, the muslin which forms the mantelet is gathered in at each side. The mantelet is lined with pink silk and trimmed with two broad flounces of muslin, each edged by a narrow bouillonne, within which is a running of pink ribbon.

In Paris, many ladies wear square shawls of white muslin, edged with a broad hem and running of colored ribbon. These shawls are trimmed with broad lace, set on in easy fullness. For the runnings of ribbon in shawls and mantelets, mauve and pink are the favorite colors.

**The Only One in the World.**—A farmer was once blessed with a good-natured, contented wife; but it not being in the nature of man to be satisfied, he one day said to a neighbor, he really wished he could hear his wife scold once for the novelty of the thing. Whereupon his sympathetic neighbor advised him to go to the woods and get a load of crooked sticks, which would certainly make her as cross as he could desire. Accordingly the farmer collected a load of the most ill-shaped, crooked, crochety material that were ever known under the name of fuel. This he deposited in its place, taking care that his spouse should have access to no other wood. Day after day passed without a complaint; at length the pile was consumed. "Well, wife," said the farmer, "I am going after more wood. I'll get another load just such as I got last time." "Oh, yes, Jacob," she replied, "it will be so nice if you will, for such crooked, crochety wood as you brought before does lay around the pot so nicely."

**The Hardiness of Women.**—A young farmer soliloquized thus: "I often tell the girls no wonder that they get cold, with nothing but a bit of lace over their shoulders, and a piece of gauze on their arms. It seems so funny to call boys harder than girls. Why, if I dressed so—thin socks, thin slippers, bare arms and neck—I shouldn't live a month. Hardy! they are the hardest mortals alive, for they do stand such treatment some way, though they are mighty delicate, and seem to be proud of it; in fact, I think a good many of them would rather have a *fashionable* consumption than a good constitution." We think the sensible observations worthy the consideration of young ladies, and leave them to judge their force and truth.

**A Daughter's Duty.**—In a paper of extensive influence and high moral tone we met with a very exceptional paragraph, which plainly intimated that if "pa" refuses his consent to his daughter's marrying the man she loves, then she is justified in marrying without this "consent" at any sacrifice!" Now a moment's reflection must convince all rational persons that the girl who can be so forgetful of her moral obligations to her parents and no regardless of their feelings, is incapable of securing to her husband a life of happiness. One who is unmindful of her duty to her father will disregard her husband's happiness so soon as his wishes interfere with her inclinations. No matter what the civil law says about it, her obligation to regard her parent's feelings is as binding now as it was years previous. And the man who could counsel the violation of those feelings, lover though he be, is not a safe depositary for woman's heart.

We have known many to act on the suggestions which this paragraph gives, and in after life either domestic bitterness or distrust turned their lives to gall, or trial and misfortune quenched the fire of their heart, till they wished the grave to cover their woes. Then they cried in agony, "Thy judgment is just—thy laws, O God, are righteous!" Then they remembered their sin and their advice was, "Wait: if it is good for you to marry that one, your father will, after a time, see it and consent; but never marry in opposition to his expressed wish!" Girls, listen! Do not be deceived!

**Something Useful.**—It may be useful to some of our readers to learn that refined borax is now generally substituted for soda, as a washing powder in the proportion of a large handful to about ten gallons of boiling water; thus saving half the usual quantity of soap employed. All large washing establishments adopt this method, and it is used extensively in Holland and Belgium, where the laundries are famous for the beautiful whiteness of their linen. For laces and cambrics an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the linen: its effect is to soften the hardest water; and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilette table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleansing the hair; is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda, as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea will be, at least, one-fifth. To give to black tea the flavor of green tea add a single leaf from the black currant tree.

#### CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Freire, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

**MR. MORPHY IN ENGLAND.**—We gather the following from various sources: "MATCH BETWEEN MR. MORPHY AND MR. LOWENTHAL.—The terms for a short contest between these athletes have just been settled, and the combat is to begin during the present week. In our next we shall probably be enabled to publish the opening games. It should be mentioned, for the sake of those who are already members, and wish to see this interesting struggle, that the games will be fought at the St. George's Chess Club, in King street, St. James's street."—*Illustrated London News*.

Mr. Morphy has played some chess games in London, but probably has not recovered the fatigues of his voyage from America, or has taken his opponents too lightly, the result of his play hitherto being hardly up to what was expected from him."—*Bell's Life*.

**THE LATENT FROM MR. MORPHY.**—We have just received (July 24th) letters from Mr. Morphy and from some other correspondents in England. His score, at the time of writing, is as follows:

Morphy.....13	Barnes.....6	Drawn.....0
.....0	Beden.....1	.....2
.....2	Owen.....1	.....0
.....2	Hampton.....0	.....0
.....6	Löwe.....0	.....0

Morphy and Barnes had also played two consultation games against Staunton and Owen. Both games were won by Mr. Morphy and his ally. Staunton had accepted Mr. Morphy's challenge. The match, at Mr. Staunton's request, is to be played after the Birmingham meeting, the stakes to £500 a side. Mr. Morphy was about to commence a short match (the winner of the first seven games to win), with Mr. Löwenthal, for fifty pounds. The result of this contest will be known by the arrival of the next steamer. Mr. Rousseau, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Edge were with Mr. Morphy in London. We shall give very full details and a number of Mr. Morphy's games in our September number. Meanwhile we cannot avoid expressing our gratification at Mr. Morphy's enthusiastic reception in the mother country, and at his brilliant success. Mr. Morphy had also played a large number of games at odds, in all of which he had been victorious.—*Chess Monthly* or *September*. (*The Monthly* for September is a very excellent number, and should be in the hands of every Chess player.)

JOHN AND JULIA PROBLEM, BY AMATOR.—JOHN TO MOVE AND MATE IN TWO MOVES.

John moves his arm round Julia's neck;  
She moves one square, and whispers a check!  
He, nothing daunted, moves right straight  
His lips to hers, and calls out, mate!

#### SOLUTION.

Poor Julia yields to love's constraints;  
Sighs, blushes, palpitates and faints.

For our own part, we do not see how mate can be had in two moves. It seems to us there must be a third move by the Bishop.—*Porter's Spirit*. And if mated by



REMINISCENCES OF NEW ZEALAND—NO. II.

BY DR. JAMESON.

**Salinity of the Climate—Its Remarkable Adaptation to the White Race—Agricultural Capabilities—Vegetable Productions—The Kaori Pine—The Native Flax Plant—Volcanic Mountains—Mineral Resources, Gold, Copper, &c—Natural History—The Aptyx, or Wingless Bird—The Dromornis—Whale Fishing Ashore—How Annexed—The Wakefield System—Results of Colonization—Auckland—Wellington.**

In the first of these articles the moral and intellectual character of the New Zealanders was delineated, as was also the marvellous change brought about in them by the labors of the missionaries, a change involving their elevation from a condition of the lowest and most sanguinary barbarism to a comparatively high stage of civilization and Christianity. This change was much facilitated by the natural superiority of the people themselves. Their keen perceptive

TIDE RIPPLE AND SINGULAR PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA, OFF NORTH CAPE, NEW ZEALAND

wrought up. Exposed to the westerly breeze which blows over the South Pacific and often rises into heavy gales, these islands enjoy a cool and moist climate, eminently favorable to the health and energy of the white race, far more so than that of Australia, wherein, except in its interior and upland regions, the climate is oppressively hot and enervating. Not that the Australian climate is unhealthy on the whole; on the contrary, a British regiment stationed in the interior lost only one man in three years. But the remark is applicable to the seaboard cities of Australia, which are subject to periods of long drought and to hot winds of sirocco-like intensity, blowing from time to time, parching up the whole vegetable kingdom, and gradually reducing the stamina and vigor of the European constitution. These intense summer heats are unknown in New Zealand, where I have seen the tobacco plant in full flower in the valley of the Thames in the month of July, which corresponds to the January of the northern hemisphere. It is said that snow has been known to fall in that locality. Such a phenomenon has even taken place in Sydney, the capital of Australia, but both frost and snow are abundant in the southern islands of New Zealand, which are probably for that reason uninhabited by the native population, and would be a perfect wilderness but for the colonies that have been planted at Plymouth Sound and at Nelson. The climate of the northern island is free from all extremes. As to salubrity, invalids from India and Australia, whose health has been impaired by long exposure to the climates of these regions, regain health and vigor in a few weeks under the influence of the bracing temperature of New Zealand.

For these reasons it will readily be supposed that it is in every respect adapted for agriculture—even to the extent of yielding two crops of wheat off the same ground, as in Australia. Its cultivated products include the whole list of cereal grains, besides the fruits and flowers that are common to the most temperate regions of Europe and America. Peach stones scattered at random have sprung up into groves, yielding the fruit in such abundance that it has been fed out to pigs. The English rose becomes scentless at Sydney, but emits its most delicate perfume in New Zealand, and the writer remembers to have visited a mission settlement in the interior, which was inclosed by a thick and lofty hedge of rose trees in full bloom, than which no sight could be more charming to the eye.

The indigenous productions of New Zealand are of considerable commercial importance, or may eventually become so. In the forests which cover the greater part of its surface, there are many valuable trees, yielding timber variously adapted for the markets of the world, some of extreme hardness and durability, others serviceable as a material for lumber and for ship and house-building purposes. The king of these forests is the Kaori pine. Straight as an arrow, this noble tree rises eighty and even a hundred feet without a branch. In a forest, not far from the Bay of Islands, the writer has measured individual trees, many of which were twenty-seven and some as much as thirty-six feet in circumference, and could have gathered tons of the resin which they exude, and which has been found a useful and cheap substitute for gum copal in the manufacture of varnish. Ship loads of these trees have been imported by the British Admiralty to serve as topmasts for the British Navy, but have, I believe, been found defective. Many saw-mills have, however, been built in the colony for manufacturing this and other trees into lumber.

Next in commercial importance to the article of lumber we may rank the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax-plant, which grows spontaneously over hundreds of acres of the alluvial flats of the principal New

Zealand rivers. This plant has from immemorial time yielded garments, sails, cordage and fishing-nets to the natives, and has been found superior in tensile to Russian hemp. If a machine were invented to separate the fibre without the process of steeping as practised by the aborigines, many ship loads of the prepared article would be annually exported; but as yet no such invention has been made,



PORTRAIT OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

and the plant may for that reason be classed among the undeveloped resources of the country. Visiting a New Zealand village, the writer was struck with a very vile odor, strongly resembling that of the German delicacy called Limburg cheese, and learned that it proceeded from a quantity of *phormium tenax* undergoing the steeping process. The fern is a humble yet important vegetable



NEW ZEALAND TEMPLE AND IDOLS.

and imaginative faculties enabled them readily to discern the difference between Christian civilization and the Pagan barbarism under which their forefathers had lived, fought and perished. Such results were impossible among the Asiatic races subject to the tenets of Mahomet and the followers of Vishnu—races far inferior in physical energy and strength of intellect. Still less among these “blinking creatures,” as old Dampier called them, the aborigines of Australia.

We now come to consider the progress of New Zealand in its new character as a field of colonization, but in order that this may be understood, and a correct estimate formed of its future destinies, it will be necessary to investigate the natural productions, climate and general capabilities of the country—the raw material, in short, to be



RACECOURSE ON THE PLAIN OR VALLEY OF THE WAIRARAPA, NEAR WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.



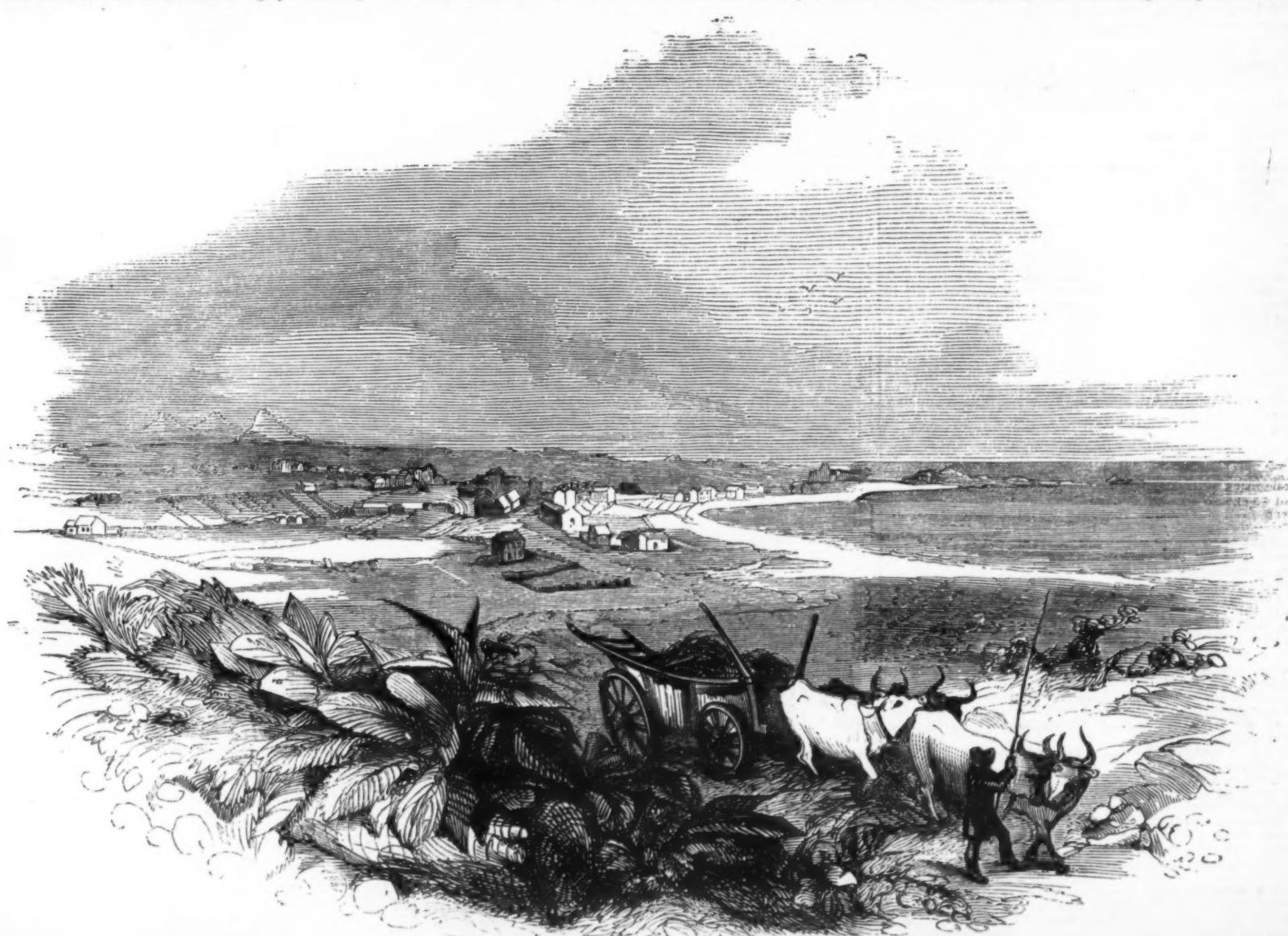
MOUTH OF THE RIVER THAMES, NEW ZEALAND.

product. It abounds everywhere in the islands, and its root affords food to innumerable herds of wild pigs, the posterity of the original porkers which Capt. Cook turned loose nearly a hundred years ago, rendering New Zealand not only a potato but a pork-exporting country long before the missionary advent.

The mineral character of New Zealand is highly interesting. It

is essentially a volcanic country, abounding in all the minerals common to countries of that description, including gold. Many years ago Sir R. Murchison, President of the Geological Society of England, predicted from the discovery of this metal in Australia, from an examination of mineralogical specimens brought home, and also from the axial direction from north to south of its mountain

ranges—the last condition common to all gold-bearing countries—existed in New Zealand; and, to confirm the learned baronet's theory, gold was searched for and found near Coromandel harbor, on the Firth of the Thames, a few years after the Australian excitement had begun. The superior attractions of the Victoria gold mines has hitherto absorbed the mining enterprise of the whole



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Southern hemisphere, and has divided with California the attention of gold-hunters all over the world; consequently, little attention has been given to this pursuit in New Zealand. The writer, in some geological researches at Coromandel, discovered copper ore of apparently good quality, and mentioned the fact in a work published by him on his return to England.

Sulphur, a product of all volcanic countries, is found in great abundance near the volcano of Wakari; and when, some years ago the supply of this article was in danger of being cut off by some foolish measures of the Neapolitan Government, it was found that the sulphur mines of New Zealand could supply the article and render commerce independent of his Majesty King Bomba, who thereupon receded from his policy of restriction. Lava exists throughout the islands, and has been used, as in Sicily, for building purposes.

Pomice, a light form of this substance, proceeding probably from the active volcano of Tongarido, floats down the river Thames, whose sources arise near the base of that mountain, in the vicinity of which there is a plain of lava with a vast number of boiling springs, in which native travellers are accustomed to cook their food, and also to undergo the vapor or steam cure much in vogue among the natives for rheumatic and cutaneous diseases.

Although there are but two active volcanic vents in New Zealand—those of Tongarido and Wakari—there are almost innumerable extinct ones. The writer has counted a dozen from one spot, easily recognized by their form and outline—that of a truncated cone or pyramid. He ascended a hill of this description near the Bay of Islands, forcing his way with difficulty among passes of scoria, and on reaching the summit looked down into a deep basin, the crater which had once upon a time vomited forth flame and lava, but is now thickly covered with trees and brushwood. He also explored a very singular district not far from Auckland, where twenty or thirty small volcanic eminences, not exceeding a hundred feet in height, rose within a circumscribed space, like gigantic molehills; round these were strewn blocks of black and indurated lava, which had been ejected from them to a distance of many hundred yards. In the bed of a small river he found the stump of a tree round which the molten lava had flowed in its semi-fluid state, but could not learn that any eruption had taken place within the memory of even the oldest inhabitant.

#### Natural History.

We are not now studying the natural history of this interesting group of islands from a scientific point of view. This would require a volume instead of an article to do it justice. Our object is merely to notice those features, in their botanical and zoological character, which are of direct and immediate interest to the commercial and economical interests of the new nation which has there taken root, together with a few details of general and popular interest. Thus, instead of entering into a lengthened classification of birds and fishes, it must suffice to mention that the woods of New Zealand abound with pigeons of enormous size, the rivers and marshes with wild ducks, and the sea-beaches with plover, sand-larks, seagulls and Mother Carey's chickens—scientifically termed *procariidae*, or storm-birds—besides sea-gulls and other feathered freebooters, which prey upon the shoals of snappers, mullets and other piscine multitudes that frequent the shores and inlets.

The writer with his party were once detained by stress of weather on a small but beautiful island on the Frith of the Thames, during which temporary imprisonment they fare sumptuously upon the delicious oysters which encrusted every rock between high and low water mark—whilst snappers were hooked with the utmost facility, and wild ducks and pigeons were at all hours within reach of their guns—affording the materials of a diet worthy of a London Alderman.

There is a little feathered creature called by natives the tui-tui, by Europeans the parson-bird, not certainly from the solemnity of his manners, for a livelier, more restless and comical specimen of Nature's handiwork never hopped under the shadow of green leaves. Its life is an unceasing round of antics and gambols, all the more unseemly that the white ruff and band that adorns his neck and breast, with his glossy black coat, might lead us to expect a far more clerical demeanor. Then there was the bell-bird, so beautifully described by Captain Cook, its note filling the woods with a melody "like the tinkling of small bells most exquisitely tuned." The apteryx, or wingless bird, represented in the engraving, is regarded by naturalists with much interest as an ornithological type of a bygone geological epoch, and is now on the verge of extinction. Covered with something that resembles hair rather than feathers, it has a forlorn, ragged and unsightly aspect, and looks altogether like a denizen of a former world.

The dinormis—probably the largest bird that ever stepped on the surface of the globe—standing fourteen or fifteen feet in height—was an inhabitant of these islands. Its fossil remains have been discovered in supratertiary deposits in different parts of the country.

But the beast or the fish, for it merits both appellations, which in this connection claims the largest share of our attention is the whale. Of this species multitudes frequent the shores around New Zealand; and perhaps, with the exception of the Sandwich Islands, no locality is better known to those hardy mariners who plough the Pacific in their adventurous yet profitable pursuit. Shore whaling establishments have for many years been carried on at various points of the coast, the parties being composed of select hands, representing all nations, like the pirate crews of the Caribbean Sea. No sooner does a whale spout in the offing than half a dozen boats dart forth to the attack, armed with lines, harpoons, and all necessary weapons and implements. In nine cases out of ten the huge victim is captured, and dragged ashore, when he is cut up and boiled down—a rich and valuable prize. A rough but jovial life is led at these stations; native beauties are there in abundance, and are often the cause of dire conflicts. At night, when mighty fires blaze under the blubber kettles, the negro fiddler grins with delight, whilst the dancers perform their evolutions. Rum too is there, and tobacco, without stint or measure, and it is not too much to assert that many of the lessons instilled by the pious missionaries are there nullified, but there is no help for it. Many capitalists of Sydney have made fortunes in fitting out these enterprises, and like the general race of capitalists, have looked to the pecuniary, not to the moral results of their speculations.

#### Colonization and Its Results.

From the preceding details, the reader will understand the advantages and the inducements offered by the New Zealand Islands, to the colonizing enterprise of England—power which has never hesitated to extend her empire when this can be done with benefit to her commercial interests. New Zealand was annexed without filibustering or any other kind of invasion. The missionaries had pioneered the way; the whaling ships, the traders, and finally the landsharks of Sydney, had familiarized the natives with many of the ways of civilization. Moreover, several sons of great chiefs had been taken to England and educated. The intelligent natives desired a strong homogeneous government, instead of the hideous anarchy of the past; law, even Lynch law, was become more and more necessary to curb the evil passions and propensities of the white community. Exeter Hall had declared that it was necessary to bring a heathen nation within the pale of the Established Church, and the youth of England, the capital, and the surplus labor of England needed new fields of employment. Moreover, there prevailed about twenty years ago a furor for colonization, created mainly by the writings of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the founder of what was called systematic colonization—the celebrated Wakefield system.

The gist of Wakefield's theory was this: A tract of land, however fertile, is in itself valueless. To give it value add capital and labor, for the purpose of developing its resources; the capital and the labor must be in due and sufficient proportion to each other. The land thus endowed and as it were vivified, becomes valuable, and its value discounted beforehand, affords the means of supplying the laborer. Thus a colony is made without any other expense to the parent State than that of a Governor, with the accessories of official patronage, red tape, and two or three regiments of soldiers, if the native population should be sufficiently numerous or warlike to require a little wholesome intimidation.

The Wakefield system had already been applied in Australia, and with good results. On the beautiful shores of Spencer's Gulf had sprung up within three or four years the neat, bustling city of Adelaide, the business centre and seaport of a thriving community of farmers, graziers and wool growers. It had its government and its red tape, but in that instance the soldiers were dispensed with, the poor wandering aborigines being altogether left out of the esti-

mates. It is true that an official of the red tape order was appointed to protect them—for the idea had heretofore prevailed in Australia that a "black fellow" was as much lawful game as a kangaroo!—not so desirable, certainly, as an article of diet, but quite as available in the way of sport.

The New Zealanders were a different race. Though divided into scattered and hostile tribes, their aggregate number was not far short of two hundred thousand, with strong physical developments and courageous and warlike instincts. It was the colonists that needed protection. Two regiments, therefore, were added to the other ingredients—land, labor and capital—and the precaution was not superfluous, as events subsequently showed.

It was necessary that, by and with the consent of the native chiefs, the sovereignty of the islands should be ceded to the Queen of England, in order that British authority should be firmly established. Filibustering is not in these days a British "institution," although it may have been so in the days of the great Clive and the bold and astute Hastings. There existed no decent pretext for an actual invasion of the islands—the quietest way, therefore, was the best. A ship of war carrying a royal commissioner visited the most important harbors of the coast, when the neighboring chiefs were convened through the instrumentality of the missionaries. A palaver was held, at which the chiefs expressed their sentiments—not standing still, as is the fashion with American and European orators, but, according to their custom, walking or running backwards and forwards whilst delivering their opinions. Little or no objection was offered by the native orators on this occasion, and the only arguments used by the Commissioner of the Queen were blankets, muskets, ammunition and tobacco. These were all-sufficient. By similar arguments the New Zealand Company had obtained possession of its lands; so, also, had many private individuals. One Sydney speculator had "purchased" a tract which might have cut up into a dozen German Principalities or a couple of English dukedoms; but these landsharking operations were very properly disallowed, on equitable grounds, by a court of claims. Thus it was that New Zealand was annexed to the Empire of England.

The seat of Government was established at Auckland, near the Frith of the Thames. There the Legislature assembles, regattas are held, races are run, and all the airs and graces of a young metropolis are displayed, whilst commerce and industry do their work in sustaining the more material interests of the community. Auckland has its Government House, its churches, hotels and club-rooms. A friendly intercourse is maintained with the natives, whose interests have been uniformly attended to by the Government, and not infringed by the colonists. The company's towns at Wellington, Nelson and New Plymouth have also prospered gradually. Agriculture and grazing have been energetically and successfully carried on. Two reverses have been experienced during the existence of the colony—the first was a short-lived rebellion of the natives near the Bay of Islands, which was speedily put down; the second and more serious one was the gold discovery of Australia, which drained off from New Zealand a large portion of the capital and the industry which would by this time have built up a lofty fabric of substantial prosperity. It is quite possible that, when the gold diggings of New Zealand are extensively explored, gold may be there discovered in large quantities; but, if not, there are other resources amply sufficient to employ the best energies of a great population.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

#### GOLD AND GLITTER;

ON,

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

FOUNDED ON FACT.

**Written Expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.**  
BY ORLANDO LANG.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE PRISON AND PRISONER.

In a cell of the city prison—that sad, gloomy building so fitly denominated the Tomb—and on the edge of a rude pallet, sate Ralph Forrester. He was not manacled—they had spared him that shame—and his chin was resting upon his hands, while a flickering lamp just served to illuminate his features now and then with a glare of light—sufficient to show that, while the trials he had undergone had to a certain extent left their traces behind, still the eye was as firm as ever, the lip as fixed, and over his entire countenance there rested a calm, seemingly almost passionless repose that lent to his features a noble yet severe beauty.

Through his whole being a new spirit had infused itself; he seemed to have risen gradually with those sufferings which would have crushed others; he did not seek to palliate, either to himself or others, the crimes and sins that had darkened his previous life; but rather he stood and faced them, and seeing how hideous they appeared, he had said within himself, "If I die now a death of shame, it will be but a just retribution; if I live, then my path shall henceforth be upward."

Do not think that I am about to tell you that this wonderful change in Ralph Forrester was wrought by any deep or convincing religious influence, for such was not the case. Such minds as his—strong, passionate, worldly—do not seize upon conclusions, but wade to them; and if he was yet to enjoy the blessings of a perfect faith, it would only be after steadfast and long seeking.

Both heart and mind were awakened, it is true, to a full sense of the degradation from which he had turned away, and in the weary hours of the night he had dared to lift his thoughts to the great Supreme who rules the universe; but I fear his intercessions and supplications were of a far different character from those instilled into the minds of the piously educated. I am touching dangerous ground, though, and I pause and leave what follows to show the bent and form of the young man's feelings.

As I have said, he sat alone in his cell, his head resting upon his hand, and, half aloud, he thus soliloquised:

"There is no mortal present now; I am alone with the Great Judge and my own heart. Does He mark its pulsations? does He approve the fixity with which I am ready to meet my doom? I have been told that I must humble myself low in the dust, grovel in the mire of humanity, if I seek for pardon at the Court of Heaven; but I cannot believe that, if God made me in his own image, why should I debase that image? If He taught me to walk erect, why should I fawn and crouch?" He arose and paced up and down his cell, then he paused, with folded arms, and looked forth through the grated window that admitted air and light.

It was partially open, and the wind, although cold and raw, was refreshing to his fevered brow.

As he gazed upward a sudden gust of wind parted the black clouds, and the moon lay in the rest bright and glorious, sending down into the gloomy cell a flood of radiant light.

"Is it an omen of joy to come?" he said, perceiving it. "Are the clouds that now envelope me yet to give place to such light, or shall I, in a few short weeks, fathom the awful mystery of death. A struggle, and so far as this life is concerned all is at an end; the body is dust, the spirit free and etherealized, or silent and dead as the clay it left. But no, that cannot be; this inward eagerness to burst the barriers that separate us from the infinite, this constant yearning of the soul for an existence more congenial to its spirituality, is surely proof sufficient that we are indeed children of immortality." The clouds, like great black curtains, swayed by unseen hands, closed down again over moon and stars, and the watcher returned to his miserable pallet.

A clock hard by tolled the hour of midnight, so drawing his cloak about him he laid himself down, and ere long was sleeping peacefully.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—MAY ENCOUNTERS HER FATHER.

EARLY next morning Edith was dressed, waiting for Gerald to conduct her to her brother's prison.

In an adjoining room May slept a fevered sleep, into which she had fallen after the night was nearly over.

Presently the door was opened, and Edith sprang eagerly forward, expecting to meet Marston.

She recoiled, though, even more heartily than she had advanced, for William Harley stood on the threshold.

"What do you here?" she asked as soon as she had recovered herself.

"Do not meet me with frowns, Edith," he answered, closing the door and motioning her to be seated; "I am here as your friend."

"You were far more welcome as a foe."

"Listen to me."

"I am forced to do so because I have not physical strength enough to spurn you from my presence."

How his blood boiled under these taunts, but by a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"I can save your brother's life," he said.

"And if you could you would not; I know you, William Harley; the entire world beside you may deceive; me you cannot. If my brother's life was in your hands you would keep him dangling between life and death so long as in that manner you could work upon my feelings; when you had done with me then you would murder him."

"I tell you his life is in my hands."

"It is false, blasphemer; his life is in the hands of God who gave it; of that God whose every law you have broken, every commandment spurned. Remember He Himself has said, 'Vengeance belongs unto me.'

"I did not come here to listen to a sermon," Harley said with a sneer, "but to see if you were prepared to buy your brother's life. You can influence him when all others fail; induce him to sign such a confession as will for ever free my daughter from him, and I swear to you to shall live."

"I place no more reliance upon your oath than upon your word; God help the one that relies upon either."

"Are you determined to make me your enemy?"

"No, you made yourself so when I was too young to know your infamy."

"For the last time, shall there be peace between us?"

"War—war—no peace!"

"So be it; give me my daughter and let me go."

"You have no daughter; you cast her forth houseless and homeless—my brother's wife is here under my protection; unless it be of her own free will she does not leave this house," and Edith moved towards the door that separated the room from the one in which May was sleeping.

"Fool, out of my path!" Harley cried, advancing upon her; "I tell you I will have my child."

"You must place your foot upon my body to reach her, then."

"Though I trampled both body and soul I would not be staid," and livid with rage he caught her rudely by the arm and dashed her away from the door.

At instant it was slowly opened, and his daughter stood before him. She was deadly pale, and he paused and drew back a step or two, so solemn and deathlike was her look. Her hair had become unfastened and fell in masses over her shoulders, and her eyes gleamed with a wild, feverish excitement.

"My child," Mr. Harley said at length, "my darling, will you forgive my cruelty, my anger? Come back to me, come back to me, and I will make you forget all."

"My father?" May answered with firm yet sad tones, "I have sworn before Heaven never to enter the door of my old home again, unless I enter it as the wife of Ralph Forrester."

"Curse him for a foul thief and villain," Mr. Harley broke in fiercely; "I would my heel was upon his neck. Enough of this fooling; come home, girl, come home," and he moved towards her as though to drag her with him.

"Stand back!" she cried, marking his purpose, "stand back, unless you would see your child lying a corpse at your feet."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you see this little phial? Its contents are colorless, and they tell me tasteless; yet let but one drop of it pass my lips and no earthly power could save me. Father, I am calm, collected, in my right mind, with a full consciousness of the fearful alternative before me, but I swear to you, rather than abandon my husband in the hour of his darkest need, this drug shall still my heart and pulse for ever."

She paused. Edith stood near, pale and agitated, and her father directly before her, struggling between rage and fear. For a moment rage obtained the mastery. "Dead or alive, cried he, fiercely, "I will drag you from the roof of this mad beggar," and he advanced a step nearer.

Without a muscle trembling, May raised the phial to her lips. "Come, then," she said, "I am ready."

Again he paused, and the strong man shook as with fierce convulsions. He could not see her die, oh, no! for still she was the only being on earth he loved. Still, he indulged in the wild hope of being able to snatch her from Ralph, and having her solely and singly to himself. How, at that instant, thought swept like a torrent through his brain; he remembered her in her infancy, when she was wont to clamber to his knee and caress him with her tiny, baby fingers, and how, in mature years, she would wind her beautiful arms about his neck and tell him, in accents to him more beautiful than song of summer bird, that she loved him beyond all the world beside. What a fearful change had taken place! Now she had given herself to another, and preferred death's cold embrace to his! Truly for him retribution had taken deep and abiding root—the iron had entered his soul, never, never to be removed again.

"My own flesh and blood, my own flesh and blood curse and hate me," he muttered.

"No, my father, I will always love you; always, as far as in my power lies, obey you," May answered. "But there is one to me above all price—my husband. I can never enter a house whose doors are closed on him."

"Thank Heaven, the grave will close upon him soon!" Harley cried fiercely.

"Let it be so, if God wills it. I shall not loiter long; and then we will be united to part no more for all eternity."

"And as for you, child of a wanton," he continued, turning brutally upon Edith, "may my curses carry you down to hell and keep you there!"

He was turning to depart, but in doing so confronted Gerald Marston, who had just entered.

"I told you once," Marston said, in a suppressed voice, advancing upon Harley as he spoke with clenched fist, "that lady was under my protection. Unsay what you have said quickly."

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Gerald retorted. "I laugh and scorn your threats. I know all, and it is for you to tremble at my frown."

"Tremble at your frown, because you have been listening the lying tongue of a convicted murderer? Pshaw! I will waste no more time with you. I can wait—I can wait until you all crouch at my feet and sue for pardon." So saying, he rushed from the room.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—EDITH SEEKS HER BROTHER.

AFTER Mr. Harley had thus departed, poor May's fortitude all deserted her, and it was necessary for Edith to support her, as she moved slowly and feebly back to her apartment in order to prepare to accompany them to her husband's prison; for in spite of the evident exhaustion of her strength she still insisted upon going with them. So while she was changing her dress and otherwise making ready, Gerald told Edith the history of the marriage certificate he had placed in her possession, together with the stratagem by which Ralph had possessed himself of it.

"He feared to keep it longer about him," Gerald continued, "so gave it into my charge, lest it might be taken from him."

"And to your charge, Gerald, I return it," Edith said, after again and again perusing the blessed document, as though to impress every syllable on her memory for ever, and she placed it in his hands. "See," she continued, "I give to your keeping more than my life. Oh, Gerald, now, perhaps, we may yet know happiness."

"Life can afford me but one moment dearer than this," the young man said, as he folded her to his bosom; "and that will be the one when I take this hand to give it up no more for ever. Now there can come no gulf between us; henceforth our paths are side by side, and I can tell you how I adore and worship you. Now my soul is imbued and filled with love unalterable, and you will not turn away, will not silence me."

He looked up at the pale, sweet countenance hanging over him; he felt her soft, delicious breath upon his cheek, her arms about his neck, her form nestling close to his, and his heart heaved and surged with such ecstasy as he had never known before.

Closer and closer he pressed her to him; faster and faster the burning words poured from his full heart to his eager lips, till they were hushed in a long, deep, passionate kiss—a kiss in which was concentrated for both the joy of an ordinary lifetime; for in that kiss two lives were made as one life, two hearts beat as one heart.

"How selfish love makes me!" Marston said, after a pause of some moments; "you are waiting with eager impatience to see your brother, and I keep you from him."

"May has not come yet," Edith answered, still letting him hold her hand in his, "and before we go I have one or two things to speak of."

"I listen, love."

"First, I must ask a question."

"Whatever it may be I will answer it."

"That terrible word you applied to Harley!"

"What word?"

"Forger!"

"He deserves it."

"Ralph has confessed all to you?"

"He has."

"You know that my brother aided in stripping you of your patrimony?"

"I know, dear Edith, that when very young, and when under the influence of drugged wine, he was induced by that demi-devil, William Harley, to sign my father's name to a false will drawn up by Harley, and that ever since Harley has made use of that one act to force him to obey his will."

"Not him alone, Gerald," Edith said, in a low voice, "but me also has he governed with it. Oh, had it not been for that fearful secret, I had never acted the miserable part I have! I should have spurned his tyranny long, long ago, and braved his direst vengeance; but when all else failed, he would whisper in my ear, 'Beware! another word of opposition, and your brother fills a felon's cell!' What could I do then but yield? what could I do?"

"Fear no longer," Gerald said. "It was an idle threat; he could not have condemned Ralph without placing himself in jeopardy. The body of the will is in his own handwriting. If he did not in the eye of the law actually commit the crime, he was in every way an accessory; so never let him affright you with that threat again."

By this time May had entered, so they could converse no more on the subject at present; but leaving the house, they entered the carriage that Marston had waiting, and were driven off towards the Tombs.

Arrived there, they found no difficulty in gaining admittance to the prisoner, and in a few seconds Edith was clasped to her brother's heart.

For some moments not a word was spoken; nothing was heard but suppressed sobs. Ralph was the first to recover himself, and he spoke in such affectionate, encouraging words to both his wife and sister, that very soon their tears were dried, and they conversed together almost cheerfully.

"They tell me that this trial will come on very soon," Ralph said, "and that the whole city pronounces me guilty in advance. Well, be it so; and let the result be what it may, I shall not flinch from it, for there are three who will believe my solemn vow that I am innocent of this man's blood, even though my life answer for his."

Edith and May were seated on either side of him, with their arms about him. How both of them loved him at that moment, and yet how utterly dissimilar was their love! Gerald stood near him, and taking his hand in his, replied,

"We will indeed, Ralph; and now let us to business, for, as you say, the trial is to be brought on at once, and not a moment is to be lost."

"You are right; what would you say?"

"Shall I take May and Edith home first?"

"Wherefore? I cannot bear to part with them."

"No not fear to speak before us," Edith said. "We will not tremble even; you shall not see a whiter shade on cheek or brow, whatever it may be necessary for you to speak. Am I right, May?"

"Indeed you are, Edith. I can listen to anything so long as my head is pillow'd here."

"God bless you both!" Ralph murmured; and then once more addressing Gerald, he continued, "Let us speak now of the trial."

"We will do so."

"Of course the prosecution can make a very strong case of circumstantial evidence—so strong, in truth, that only facts can contradict it; theory will be worse than useless."

"You take a most correct view of it, and I am very glad that you are able to do so; we shall get along much better."

"Do not think I am going to avoid the main issue; it is no time for bethes. Now, as regards the witnesses: Against me there will be the man from whom I hired the horse; William Harley; and you, my sister—a wife cannot testify against a husband, so you are safe from that trial, May."

Contrary to her promise, Edith did tremble now and turn deadly white. She had never thought of that before. She on the witness-stand to bear testimony that might consign her brother to an ignominious death! It was too fearful a thought to be imagined, and yet there was no escape. Rapidly she ran over in her mind the events of that dreadful night as far as she was acquainted with them, and she could not hide from herself how strong what she would be obliged to tell would bear against Ralph.

"Oh, Ralph," she cried, "I had not thought of that! What will become of me? what will become of me? Let me die—let me die before that terrible hour comes!" and she flung herself upon her brother's breast, and gave way to a flood of tears.

"Do not give way thus, dearest," he said, caressing her tenderly and kissing away her tears; "where is your fortitude, you want all of it now. Remember how much is at stake, and for my sake keep calm and collected."

"I will," she replied, quickly drying her tears. "Forgive me; I control myself; see if my hand shakes now."

"It does not. Thank you, my sister."

"I had forgotten that deeds were wanted now, not tears," Edith continued; "go on with your conversation; I will not interrupt you again."

Ralph pressed her against his heart, and then went on talking with Gerald.

"Beside these principal witnesses," he said, "there will be many called as corroborative, and then the pistol belonging to Thornton found in my possession, and my knife lying beside the corpse, will be strong and almost conclusive, if we cannot offset it with something still more certain."

"True, true," Gerald echoed, sadly.

"Now, my only hope is in the discovery of the two ruffians known as Red Jake and the Knifer, who with Captain Meg were the only persons in the room on the night the appointment was made between Thornton and myself. Meg, I am certain, slept soundly during all the time we spoke; the others, I am convinced, only appeared to sleep. One of them had an injury to avenge on Thornton; the other was ripe for any deed of blood. They must have committed this murder."

"I am as certain of it as though I had seen it with my own eyes," May murmured.

"And so am I," Ralph continued, "else I had died a thousand deaths before accusing them."

"Another suspicious circumstance is that one of them has disappeared altogether, and the other can or will give no account of his whereabouts," Gerald said.

"He must be found."

"I have had the police on his track for weeks, but no trace of him can they discover."

"If I could but leave this place for a day I would guarantee to find him," Ralph said, rising from his seat and pacing up and down the cell. "I know their secrets and pass words; I could discover him."

As he spoke these words a sudden and bright light flashed over Edith's countenance; but she spoke never a word, only very soon thereafter complained of being faint and weary.

"This confined air is too much for you," Ralph said, kissing her; "and for you, too, my angel," he continued, turning to May; "leave me alone a little while now, but come very soon again."

"Here is my place—I cannot, will not leave you," May answered, clinging to him.

"Only for a short time. See, Edith is ill; you will take care of her for me."

"It is so hard to part."

"I know it, but it must be, so let us not make it worse by useless complaints."

She was so accustomed to yield to his slightest wish, even when it went against her own, that she slowly and sadly unloosed her arms from his neck and allowed herself to be led away.

She did not weep, she did not sob so long as she was in his presence, but so soon as she was in the carriage alone with Edith (for Gerald returned to Ralph), she gave way to a long and hysterical flood of tears, tears that seemed wrung from her very heart.

Edith, on the contrary, shed not a tear; her eyes were dry and sparkling; her lips twitched nervously, her small hands were opened and shut convulsively, and her entire manner evinced a state of extraordinary excitement.

They reached their abode, and found Heater waiting there for them.

Edith was very glad of it, for she at once consigned May to her care, and pleading illness as an excuse, hastened to her own chamber, and locking the door, gave herself up to long and eager thoughts.

It was plain to be seen that some absorbing idea had taken possession of her mind.

(To be continued.)

#### THE ADOPTED.

BEING by nature rather an orderly and systematic person, I wish, before I fairly launch into my story, to draw you a sketch of the principal persons therein, who are at this moment assembled in the sitting-room of a comfortable boarding-house on the Cornish coast.

First, there is Lady Lucy, the fair invalid, who is lying with her eyes half-closed upon the sofa. You see at a glance that she is beautiful: her golden hair, pale but exquisitely fair complexion, regular features, and large blue eyes fully entitle her to the claim; but alas! a fall from her nurse's arms had rendered her a cripple for life. Her brother Arthur is leaning over her, conversing in a low tone; while near him stands Mrs. Belrose, a distant relative, who, as she is a poor widow, has kindly consented to live with and take charge of Lady Lucy for the consideration of her daughter's sharing her charge's studies. Lord Arthur is young, talented and handsome, the heir to a large estate, and extremely proud of his wealth, personal appearance, and good old family. Mrs. Belrose is about sixty-five, well educated, proud, and very fond of Lady Lucy, with whom she has lived thirteen years.

One more person, and our group is complete. Seated in the shade of a deep window, her head bent over a book, is Mrs. Belrose's daughter, Cora. She has just completed her seventeenth year, is of medium height, fine figure, with jetty curls, large dark eyes, fine features and complexion, and what her old nurse called a "mixtry of tempers," meaning thereby that Miss Cora was, when in the mood, the merriest laughing nymph possible; and, on other occasions, silent, reserved, and passionately fond of study. Brought up with Lady Lucy as a companion, treated like a sister, sharing all her luxuries and pleasures, she was reserved, but high-spirited and proud.

"Come, dear Mrs. Belrose, prepare me for a stroll on the beach," said Lady Lucy, as, having finished their conversation, her brother left the room.

With visible reluctance the old lady consented to accompany the party; and Lord Arthur coming in to assist his sister in walking to the little hand-carriage in which she took the air, the party started. Cora and Arthur lingered behind the others, deeply engaged in conversation.

"Cora, darling, you know I love you," said Lord Arthur. "Why are you so reserved? You have changed greatly since we left London, and you will not tell me why you are so cold. Have I deserved this, Cora?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then replied,

"I will be frank with you, Arthur, and tell you why I seem changed. I spoke to my mother of our love. She seemed fearfully agitated, and paced the room, crying, 'Why was I so blind? She seemed so young that I never dreamed of this. Cora, you must forget this. Remember—I tell you it is impossible that you can wed Lord Arthur.' I entreated her to tell me why I could not be your wife. I told her you loved me and wished to marry me. She only repeated what she had said before, and finally exacted from me a promise that I would discourage your attentions and break our partial engagement."

"And you tell me this as calmly as if you were reciting one of your French verbs!" cried the young man, passionately.

At that instant Lady Lucy called to her brother, and he went to her side, leaving Cora alone. She stopped for a moment, and then stepped in behind one of the large rocks on the coast, out of sight of the party in advance. Her face was quivering as if in intense pain, and her whole frame convulsed. With a passionate but low cry of anguish she threw herself down upon the beach and sobbed violently, but without any tears. She was still lying there when her mother came to seek her.

"Cora," she said, sternly, "again do I find you giving vent to these

foolish passions. Rise! Suppose Lord Arthur had been sent in quest of you!"

"Mother! mother!" cried the poor girl, "have you not one kind word to comfort me? I am breaking my heart in obedience to your wishes, and you are so stern. You loved me once."

"And I love you now," said Mrs. Belrose, drawing her close to her bosom. "I love you now. It is because I love you that I say again, conquer this love—subdue it—tear it out of your heart. If you allow it to grow it will kill you; for when I tell Lord Arthur all I know—as I must do if you engage yourself to him—he will cast you from him. I know his pride. Cain yourself, Cora," she said, sternly.

"Oh, I can be very calm!" replied the young girl, in a low, bitter tone. "I have even been reproached for it within the last hour."

Drawing her book from her pocket, Cora sat down on a large stone. Lord Arthur pushed his sister's chair in front of Cora; and, arranging her sketch-book and pencils for her, leaned forward and pointed out the picturesque points in the scenery and groups. Cora's eyes meanwhile were bent upon her book, but not one word did she read. Her mother's strange assertion—"If Lord Arthur knew all I can tell him he will spurn you from him"—was ringing in her ears, and she was striving to understand it.

They were still grouped on the beach when a fisherman and woman with two children stationed themselves in front of Lady Lucy's chair. The woman stood erect, gazing on the party, while the man leaned forward, his right hand on her shoulder, and his left grasping a sail, and looked earnestly into her face. The little boy, seated on the sand, played with a crab; while the little girl, grasping the woman's skirt, looked shyly at the strangers. The man and woman were cousins, and the children called the man "Father."

"What is it, Maggie?" said Duncan, looking into the woman's face. "What makes you look with that hard, bitter look at the poor pale lady in the chair?"

"They're rich—I hate 'em," said Maggie, fiercely. "It was the rich people stole my bairn."

Mrs. Belrose, who was concealed by Lord Arthur, as she stood behind Lady Lucy's chair, started as the woman's voice fell upon her ear.

"How was it, Maggie?" said Duncan.

"Fifteen years ago," she replied, "when I was very young, but Robin's wife and Maggie's mother, two rich folks, a man and his wife, stayed the summer at our cottage for the health of their child, a puny bairn about my Maggie's age. It died. They were kind to Maggie, and my wee one loved 'em; and the large money they gave me, and the promise to make a lady of Maggie, tempted me sore, and I let them adopt my bairn. They promised I should see her every summer; but they took my babe away, and I never saw her again. I hate the rich folks that broke their promise and stole my baby; and when Robin died next year I was all alone."

Poor Maggie was weeping bitterly, and Lady Lucy sent her brother to ascertain if she could comfort her.

As Lord Arthur stepped forward from before Mrs. Belrose the woman caught sight of her. With a cry of joy and pain, strangely mingled, she sprang forward and threw herself at her feet.

"Heaven bless you!" she exclaimed. "You have come back to bring me my little Maggie, my bonny bairn. Where is she, my lady?"

"The woman is crazy," said Mrs. Belrose, turning deadly pale, but speaking coldly and calmly.

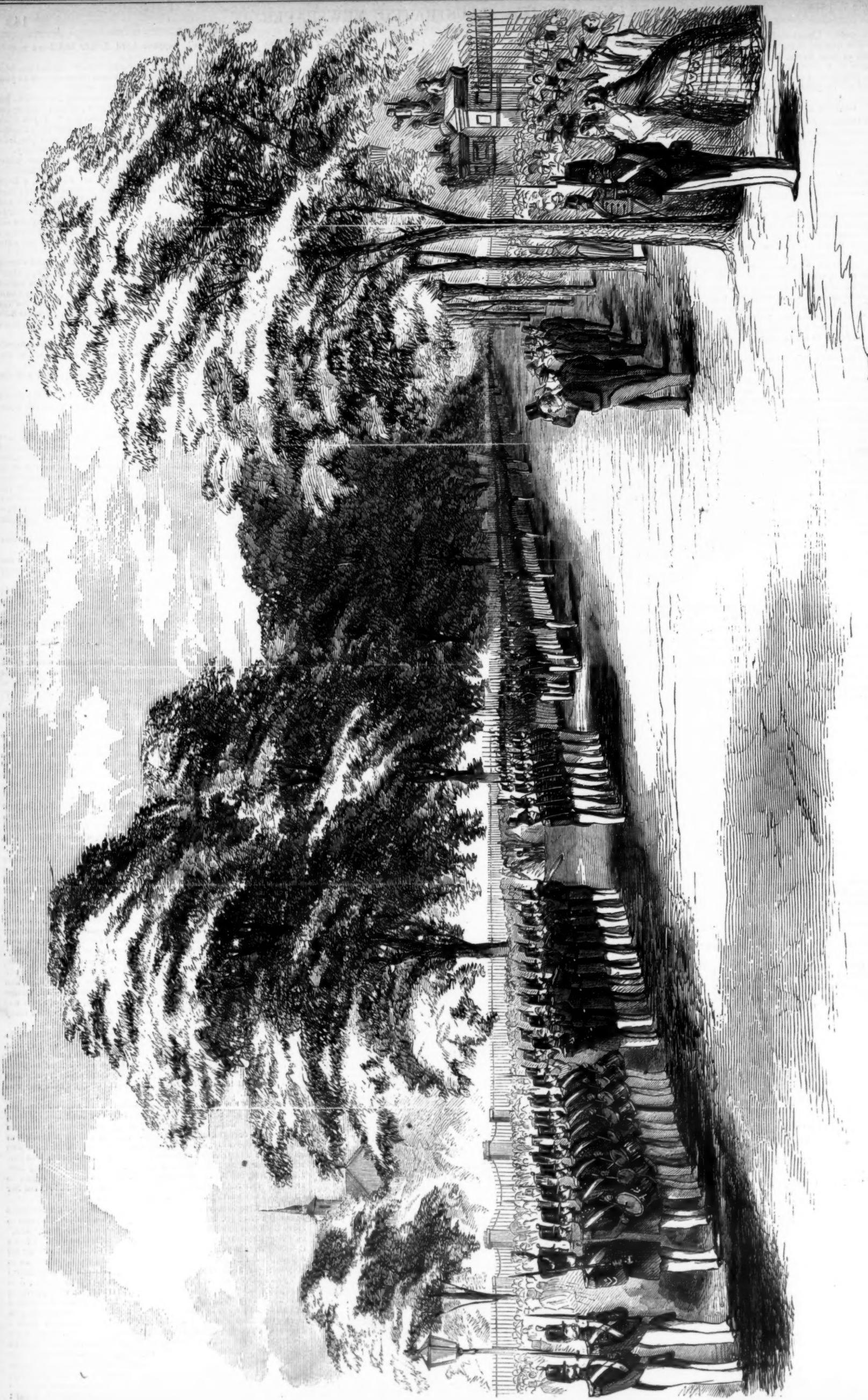
"No, no," said Maggie, rising, "I am not crazy. You are Mrs. Belrose—is she not, my lord?"

"Mother," said Cora, coming over to the side of Mrs. Belrose, "I have been listening to this woman's story, which you were not attentive enough to hear. Does it explain what you said this morning? Is this why I am to be spurned? Am I this woman's child?"

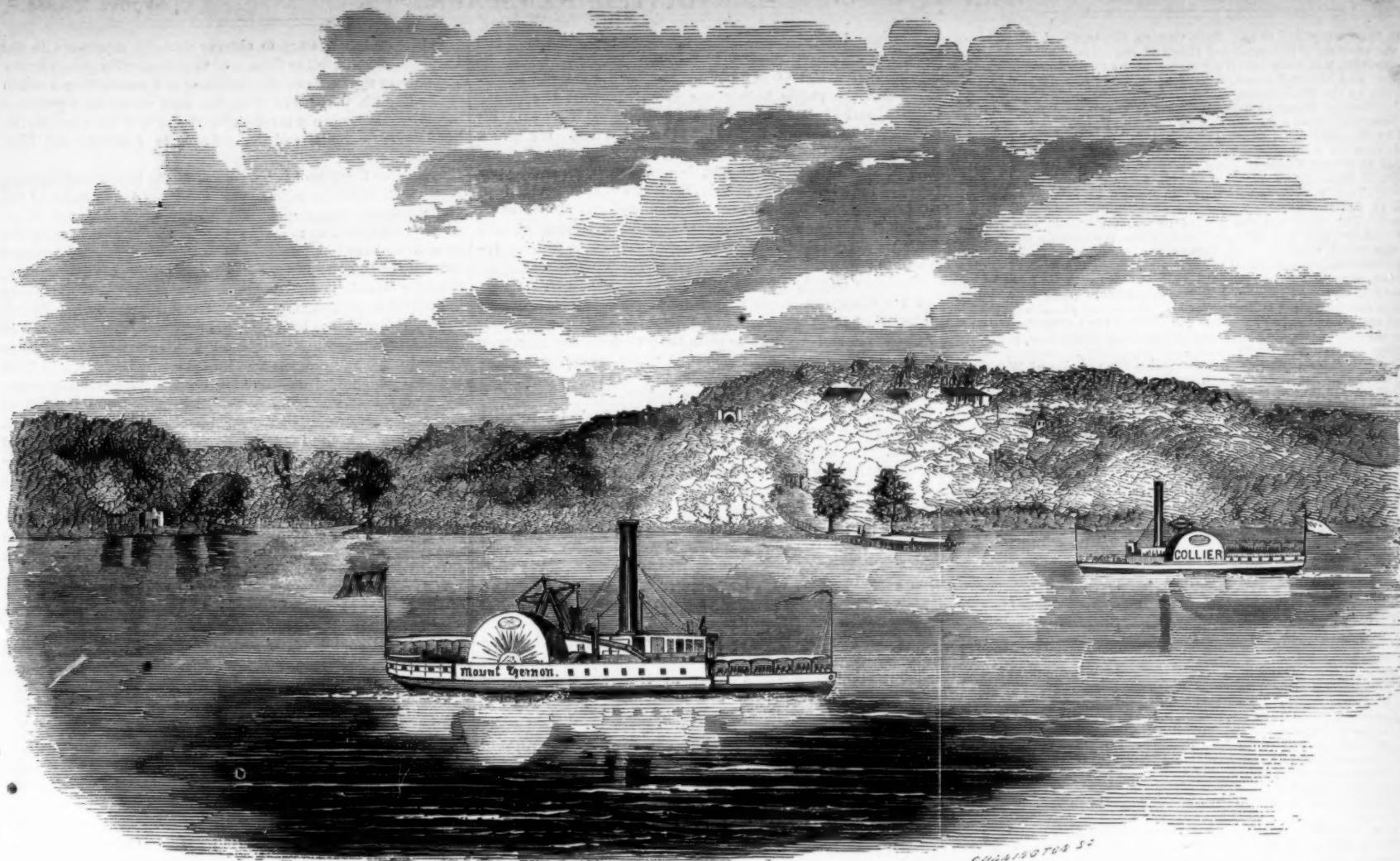
"My Maggie was a wee bairn," muttered the woman.

"Yes, fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Belrose. "Cora, Cora, leave her. I tell you she is mad!"

Maggie and Cora stood silent, side by side, and the likeness between them spoke their relationship. The same jetty hair, fine features, and large full eyes were visible in both faces. Mrs. Belrose read in the countenances of Lord Arthur and Lady Lucy that they saw this, and that further denial was useless. With a firm step she walked forward, motioning Maggie and Cora to follow her, and



REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, BY THE PRESIDENT, IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT APPROACHING MOUNT VERNON IN THE STEAMERS COLLIER AND MOUNT VERNON.

**THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.****The Review by the President.**

THE regimental line was formed at the hour indicated in front of the City Hall. As usual a large concourse of spectators were assembled, and the Seventh again reaped a harvest of applause. The line having been formed, the regiment commenced its march for Pennsylvania Avenue, whither it proceeded in good order, although greatly impeded by the attendant crowd. The heat was exceedingly annoying, but the regiment was soon drawn up for review, and the President was shortly seen approaching, followed by a number of officials. Mr. Buchanan was plainly dressed, and we are enabled to

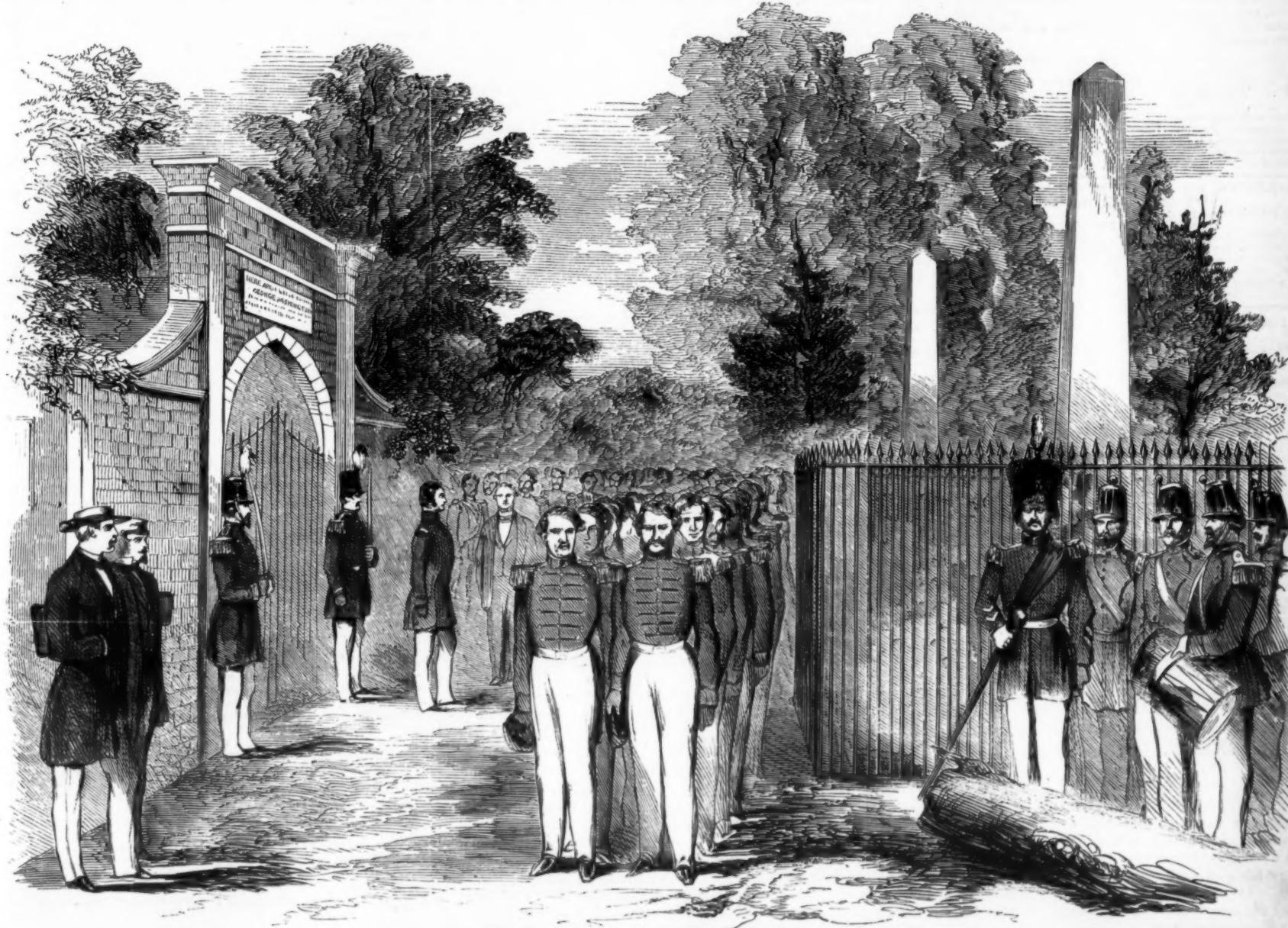
state, for the benefit of such of our readers as take an interest in matters of toilet, the particulars of his outward appearance. He wore a pair of thin light blue pants, white vest, black frock coat, light cravat, and black beaver hat. As the President approached the regiment presented arms, and he was received with a full salute of three rolls of the drum and a flourish of trumpets. The President was accompanied by the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy and Interior, the Postmaster-General and Attorney-General, military officers of the State, Mayor Townsend, Acting Adjutant-General, Gen. Ward B. Burnett and others.

During the inspection the band of the National Guard played the

inspiriting march, "Hail to the Chief," and the President with his suite kept time to the music in soldierlike manner. The dignitaries of the nation expressed themselves pleased in the highest degree with the deportment of its defenders. On the termination of the review the regiment was received by the President at the White House. The officers were introduced by name, and the men, passing up in file, shook hands with Mr. Buchanan without special introduction. After these ceremonies the hungry regiment dispersed for supper.

**Visit to Mount Vernon.**

Owing to the limited time at the disposal of the Seventh Regiment,



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

they were compelled to pay their visit to the tomb of Washington on the evening of the same day they had arrived in Washington, and at about six p.m. they left Washington in the two steamers, Thomas Collyer and Mount Vernon, the use of which was tendered to Col. Duryea by the Washington and Alexandria Steamship Company.

Col. Duryea being slightly indisposed, the active command of the regiment devolved upon Lieut. Col. Lefferts.

The distance from Washington is about twenty miles; and in a little over an hour and a half the regiment was landed upon the wharf at Mount Vernon. This wharf—a crazy pile of woodwork—projects some thirty feet into the stream, and two paths lead from it to the tomb. The older one is much washed away by the rains, and is not the most direct route, being more in the path to the house. The other is a plank walk of wooden boards, loosened by age and frequent use, leading directly from the landing up the hill to the tomb, through thick foliage and alongside a little ravine. An ascent of some hundred yards brings one to the tomb of Washington, situated on the side of the hill facing the river, from which a portion of the building is visible. It is built of plain brick, some fifteen feet in height and twenty wide. Everything in the neighborhood speaks of neglect; and the bad taste of the numerous visitors, in recklessly despoiling the surrounding trees and shrubs, is plainly visible.

The marble sarcophagus which contains the remains of Washington can be plainly seen through the large double-barred iron gates, and at its side that of his wife. The ceilings and walls of the interior are soiled by the water soaking through, and the plastering is falling off in many places. The dust covers the sarcophagus, so that the inscription on the sarcophagus can hardly be read, and the following inscription over the doors is all that would denote to the casual observer the location of the tomb of the Father of his Country:

Within this Enclosure  
Rest the Remains  
of  
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A stone panel over the door bears the following inscription:

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

This vault was erected in 1831, just thirty-four years after Washington's death, and on the spot designated in his will as the "foot of what is commonly called the vineyard enclosure." The old vault near by, which was then abandoned, is now but bare ruined walls, into which the visitor may enter.

The regiment advanced up the pathway with uncovered heads, and formed in a semicircle about the tomb. Mayor Mayo of Richmond was the first to break the solemn silence which ensued. In a brief and impressive speech he reminded the Seventh Regiment of the hallowed nature of the ground upon which they stood, and avowed that the solemnity of the occasion completely overpowered him. On conclusion of Mayor Mayo's admirable remarks, the Rev. Dr. Weston addressed the regiment, and closed with an appropriate prayer. The nephew of the illustrious President, Mr. John A. Washington, was present, and was introduced to the officers of the regiment.

About nine p.m. the visitors again embarked, after a flying visit to the mansion and the room where the relics of Washington are treasured, and shortly after ten o'clock the regiment again entered Washington.

At five a.m. the next morning they left for New York, via Baltimore, and reached home once more about midnight of Saturday, the 10th.

Messrs. P. and M. Brown, of Brown's Hotel, Washington, refused to accept any payment for the board of their guests, and Mr. J. Crutchett, proprietor of a factory in which mementoes of Mount Vernon are prepared, informed Col. Duryea of his purpose of presenting every member of the regiment with a souvenir of the spot.

The Seventy-first and Fifty-fifth Regiments, with the New York City Guard, were drawn up at the Battery before sunset on Saturday evening, in the expectation of an early arrival of their comrades, but it was not until about one o'clock on Sunday morning that the Amboy boat reached its dock. The troops, however, kept their ground most valiantly, and a thorough-paced ovation awaited the returning Seventh.

They were escorted up Broadway amid the applause of assembled crowds, and, despite the lateness of the hour, several buildings were illuminated. It was after three o'clock a.m. when the regiments finally separated.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSER**  
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,

in their celebrated characters.

Supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.

Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.

Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, \$1.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—**

WYMAN, THE WONDERFUL,

in his entirely new series of

MIRACLES,

In the way of Fascination, Divination, Demonology, Witchcraft, Spirit Rapping, Enchantment, Ventriloquism, Magic, &c.

Every Afternoon and Evening at 3 and at 7½ o'clock during the week.

Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Paradise; LIVING SEPULCHRES; Happy Family, &c. &c.

Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 12 cents.

**WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR**  
PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor..... Henry Wood.

THE GREATEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD!

BROWER, BUDWORTH, FOX and WHITE.

Stage Manager..... Sylvester Bleeker.

Treasurer..... L. M. Winslow.

Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commences at

7½ o'clock precisely.

**P A L A C E G A R D E N E . —**

On Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.

This Extensive and Magnificent Garden IS NOW OPEN to Visitors Day and Evening.

GRAND CONCERTS, PROMENADE D'ÉTÉ,

Will be given on every

TUESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING.

The Orchestra will be under the experienced direction of the celebrated

Composer and Conductor,

M. E. THOMAS BAKER,

Formerly Leader of Julian's renowned Band and Conductor at Laura Keene's

Theatre and Niblo's Garden.

The Charge of Admission on Concert Nights will be 25 cents, Refreshments not included; but on other Nights, 15 cents will be charged at the Gates, or which Tickets will be given, redeemable in Refreshments. Family Season Tickets, \$10.

THE ICE CREAMS AND ICES,  
Made from the original Recipe of Mr. Contoi's celebrated Cream, will be composed of the purest materials, the Milk and Cream being procured direct from Farmers, who have contracted to supply the demand.

Every attaché to this Garden will have his specific duties to fulfil, and visitors will greatly oblige the Proprietors if they will report any dereliction on the part of Cashiers, Clerks, Guards, Heads of Departments, Waiters, &c.

DE FOREST & TISDALE, Proprietors.

**FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1858.

**The Swill Milk Lib-Is.**

Our readers are aware that Alderman Reed and Tuomey have made complaints of libels against Mr. Leslie, basing their cases upon a comic cut representing some men engaged in the praiseworthy labor of whitewashing the swill milkmaids, cows and stables. Alderman Reed first entered the lists, and was immediately followed by Alderman Tuomey. Warren Leland, Esq., of the Metropolitan Hotel, was bail for Mr. Leslie in both suits. Mr. Leslie, having demanded an examination, appeared at the Tomb before Judge Welsh on the 27th inst., to answer Alderman Tuomey's complaint.

The poor libelled Alderman cut a most sorry figure. His uneasy and nervous manner plainly betokened that he felt he was making a fool of himself, at the same time the knowledge that the public feeling was entirely against him, urged him to make some show of an attempt to whitewash his own character, and assume a virtue if he had it not. We give a full report of the hearing in another column, and shall not, therefore, enter into details. It was, however, a scene sufficiently funny to form the basis of a farce for Laura Keeno. Alderman Reed, professional butcher, sympathizing with the much-suffering Tuomey, gave him the countenance of his presence, and verily they were a pleasant pair to look upon—these precious representatives in the Councils of our city.

The heavy tragedy air of Excise Commissioner R. D. Holmes, and the simpering assumption of John Graham, who appeared on behalf of these worthies, added much to the farce material of the scene, and we must do them the justice to say that they would pass anywhere as tolerable stock actors, where an indifferent knowledge of the English language would not be considered a drawback.

After putting in his complaint, Tuomey was asked to identify the figure in the picture which he supposed was meant to resemble him. The poor fellow, feeling the ridiculous position he was in, selected the worst-looking of all the figures, saying that it looked like him "from the shoulders up," but he utterly ignored the body and the lower limbs! Yea, Tuomey acknowledged to the "head and shoulders," but disowned the rest. Every one felt that in this acknowledgment Tuomey betrayed a very moderate estimation of his own personal beauty. Every face wore a broad grin, and even the injured innocent himself got up a grim smile, as though he felt the joke, but would not see that the jest was all against himself.

He was next asked to identify Reed in the picture, and with a malice which we consider anything but friendly, he selected a shabby-looking fellow with a prodigiously powerful Hebrew nasal development. Mr. Ashmead, our counsel, supposing that Tuomey was joking, asked again and again if the nose in the picture actually resembled Reed's nose, when up jumped the doughty Reed in a state of great nervous excitement, and pointing to his symmetrical proboscis, exclaimed, "I guess you'll find this nose there," or words to that effect. This was too much for the heavy tragedy or simpering assumption of the extremely learned counsels, and the whole room joined in a roar of laughter. These Aldermen are funny men, and no Merry Andrew in the circus could have supplied a larger amount of amusement in the same space of time. We congratulate them upon their success in adding the title of fool to that of knave, and leave them to the good memories and the tender mercies of their constituents and public, whose vital interests they have so unblushingly betrayed.

#### The Quarantine Laws.

It is not surprising, since avarice never counts its own life in the pursuit of gold, that it should show such a reckless indifference to that of the community. It is certainly to be regretted that commerce, whose bright side we see in the world's progress, should exhibit the dark phase in such appalling characters as it occasionally does. It seems to us that merchants, in their love of gain, are unable to see anything in its true colors, otherwise they never would object to such a trifling inconvenience or loss as the Quarantine detention. We have observed that some of the press have unthinkingly been made the mouthpiece of these most wicked and unreasonable complaints, which really ought to almost shut a man out of human society for uttering, since, in plain English, it openly prefers its own miserable five per cent. to the health of the community.

In connection with this subject, let us briefly advert to the conduct of the New Jersey authorities in their recent negotiations with the State of New York on this subject. Taking a mean, or, rather, we should say, a New Jersey advantage of the necessity of the case, they attempted to drive a Jew's bargain, and had the unblushing impudence to demand Staten Island in exchange for Sandy Hook. However anxious New York might have been to protect the public health by removing the Quarantine, popular indignation would not suffer us to be thus victimised by a State which so basely endeavored to convert a nation's peril to her own private gain. We question if New Jersey does not present in that transaction a spectacle unparalleled of combined knavery and stupidity. With pestilence knocking at her doors, she chaffers, not for health or life, not to prevent the contagion spreading, but to over-reach a sick neighbor in a bargain. She appears entirely to forget that, were the yellow fever to break out on the Quarantine grounds, on Staten Island, it would sweep over New Jersey like a fiery blast; and nothing but the extreme ignorance of the New Jersey people can account for their blindness in not perceiving that geographically they are far more threatened by having the Quarantine at Staten Island than at Sandy Hook, and that consequently the change was rendered more imperative by her safety than ours; but the temptation to overreach was too strong for their lax morality, and the consequence is that we are every minute exposed to that most terrible of all scourges the yellow fever.

Fallible as the Quarantine test undoubtedly is, we cannot afford to have its efficacy weakened by the avarice of a few Shylocks, for we are convinced the general body of our merchants regard the lives and health of our citizens too dearly to suffer the expense and inconvenience of a short Quarantine to weigh against the public welfare.

We trust that the public will frown down any attempt to relax the stringency and impair the efficacy of the Quarantine regulations.

#### The Pacific Road.

THE corruption and selfishness of the men who postponed the consideration of the Pacific Wagon Road last June to 7th December, are about receiving a striking punishment for their conduct; for the last mail from England bring intelligence that an English company, supported by the British Government, has been formed to make a road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, entirely in British territory.

This project, which has been contemplated for some time, has received its quickening impulse by the discovery of gold in Frazer River, and which led to the formation of a new British colony, under the title of New Caledonia, although there is the probability of its name being changed to Pacifica.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the supremacy in the Pacific traffic will fall to those who first make this grand route, and once in the hands of so persevering and enterprising a nation as the English, the sceptre thus lost may never be regained—more especially when it is remembered she will be seconded by her Empire in India, and her colonies in Australia and New Zealand.

While our Congress has been debating the matter, and fighting which shall make the most out of it, entirely losing sight of the public interest, the practical English have done the work, or so far progressed in it as to render it impossible for us to regain the ground we have lost. It must be remembered that five hundred miles of the British railroad to the Pacific are already in operation, since the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada (already extending from Quebec to Toronto), which is to form part of the British Pacific Railway, has been for years in successful operation, and the line of road connecting Halifax and Quebec is already commenced. The railroad has now, therefore, to be prolonged from the head waters of Lake Superior through the Red River country, and the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. An abundance of passes here exist, through which the railway can be carried by easy gradients, and from the western base of the mountains to the Pacific coast is one broad plain, seeming almost to call aloud for the theodolite of the surveyor, and the pick of the railway "navvy."

The enormous wealth this will bring to British America is apparent, since every convenient stopping-place on the road will soon grow into a town, while around it the waste lands will be converted into productive farms.

It is of course somewhat a waste of time to reproach Congress for its neglect of our great national interests, but we trust the next Presidential election will turn upon the immediate building of this grand road to our Pacific possessions, without we intend to abandon to England, without an effort, the supremacy of the Pacific.

#### Alderman Reed versus Frank Leslie.

THE examination in this famous case, which shows such a ludicrous susceptibility on the part of those cow-hided gentlemen, known as stump-tailed Aldermen, came off before Justice Quackenbush, on Friday afternoon, at the Jefferson Market Police Court. Mr. Reed, attended by Mr. Graham, was present, and Mr. Leslie, accompanied by the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and his legal adviser, was also there.

Mr. Reed is evidently a monomaniac on his personal beauty, for a rough, good-tempered sketch of ours seems to deprive him of that national common sense which is born with an American. He declared his little boy had shown it to his ma, as being pa's nose; moreover, that he himself thought it a good likeness for a woodcut, and added the somewhat equivocal expression, that it looked more like an Alderman than a thief. What could have assimilated those characters in Alderman Reed's mind must be left to conjecture. "Too much swill milk has confused him."

After a few prefatory remarks,

Mr. Watson, our editor, was then called on the stand and cross-questioned as to the artist who had the audacity to draw the offending caricature. As this is a department out of Mr. Watson's supervision, they might as well have asked Mr. Reed who dressed Mr. Graham's hair; indeed, to save unnecessary inquisitorial freaks, we may as well relieve their suspense and tell them that it is the work of no *one* artist—being the result of a combination of talent seen in no other office than our own. To oblige Mr. Graham we will confess that one sketched the cow, another finished its stump-tail, a third elaborated the intellectual face of Mr. Tuomey, and, we think, that it was Mr. Leslie himself who bestowed on Alderman Reed's nose its finishing stroke.

Mr. Graham wanted to show his genealogical learning, and asked Mr. Watson sundry questions about our artists' ancestors, the answers to which were so frank that the elegant counsellor seemed perfectly satisfied. Mr. Lowerre, Mr. Ashmead's partner, put some terribly searching questions to Mr. Reed, such as how he could reject evidence like that of Drs. Francis, Griscom, Gardner, and other eminent physicians, Mr. Morton's, Mr. Genin's and other eminent citizens, and be entirely guided by that of men who are notoriously engaged in the traffic. It is like calling upon criminals to convict a thief. Mr. Reed merely protested his innocence, as all gentlemen in his position are expected to do.

No new facts were elicited, and Justice Quackenbush, who acted with great fairness and courtesy, and who seemed to relish the fun amazingly, sent the case to the Grand Jury.

#### "Whom the Gods Love Die Young."

An old bachelor correspondent, who is an earnest admirer of the Little-Children-Inanities of the matronly editor of a contemporary's "drawer," sends us the following involuntary tribute of esteem, which we willingly insert:

"Hector cries—"Thir. Witch, Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 1st.

Some people take magazines to enjoy the pictures—others for the choice original matter; but I take mine because, old bachelor as I am, the child-stories in the drawer excite my sensibilities and warm the heart that is growing cold with years, and I always had a sympathy for genius that dies young. My friend Brown, a married man, ridicules all this. He says that such tender precocity must, indeed, be short-lived, and that the editor is responsible for a slaughter of infants unparalleled since the days of Herod. This very morning Brown handed me the following:

"A little one-year-old remarked with singular shrewdness, about twilight, as he was being tucked away for the night, 'Ma, don't you think that the man who writes all those things that smart children, like me, say, and then makes them die—don't you think, ma, that he's a very naughty man?' 'Why, my pet?' said the mother, fearful that some celestial reply would hurry her child into a premature grave. 'Because, ma, he runs little children into the ground!'"

A friend in the flourishing town of Dubuque, Iowa, sends us the following:

"'Pa!' said our little twenty-wo-months, now in heaven, with a strange light beaming from her eye. "'Pa!' 'What, dear?' 'Nothing, pa!'" The answer could hardly have been better.

Little Minnie, a fresh rosebud, a two-and-a-half, astonished us as we were putting on our overcoat, preparatory to leaving the house:

"'Pa! when I die, let me have a nice new coffin, and don't put me in that drawer where those smart children are, for it's crammed full now!'"

#### Editorial Gossip.

**FEMALE EDUCATION—MRS. MEARS' FRENCH SCHOOL.**—We speak of Mrs. Mears' establishment from personal knowledge and inspec-

tion, and we give our readers the benefit of our experience. There is no surer way of making good scholars than by exciting in them a sentiment of affection towards their teachers. This happy power is possessed in an eminent degree by Mrs. Mears. Her pupils are her children and her friends, and when they leave her they bear away the memory of a thousand kindnesses, of a gentle motherly rule, of a conscientious fulfilment of duties, and a ceaseless care of the moral and social principles, which bear abundant good fruits in after life. We could dwell longer on this point, as it seems to us to be one of the most important qualifications in the character of those who are to be, for several years, our substitutes in the guardianship of our children.

Mrs. Mears' establishment is arranged in a style of *recherche* elegance, and that perfect system of ventilation prevails which is so highly conducive to health, and which is too much overlooked in similar establishments in our city. All the various departments are under the care of the most eminent professors, and every study and every class is strictly supervised by Mrs. Mears. Where the head is omnipresent, the labors must proceed with regularity and profit.

Mrs. Mears has abolished the absurd system of awarding prizes. She has watched its practical working, and has found that it fosters a system of favoritism between the teachers and the pupils—the wealthy interest generally prevailing, in view of future preferment for the teacher, that it actually deducts one quarter from the regular and progressive study, thus robbing all the parents, that a few children may exhibit a false glitter in some study for which they have been crammed, and which, after all, is no sign of real proficiency, but mere show. The abolition of this prevailing humbug we cordially approve of.

Besides giving to her scholars a thorough education, Mrs. Mears prepares them for taking their places in society. This she accomplishes by the precision and elegance of the daily routine of personal intercourse, and further by her weekly receptions, at which her pupils, in the various stages of advancement, are introduced and meet on terms of social equality with the most eminent and intellectual persons of our country. In this mixed but rigidly select society, the pupils are expected to contribute the exercise of their accomplishments as freely as though they had left school and were mingling with the circle of their own acquaintances and friends. This system, besides gradually freeing the pupil from all nervousness and embarrassment, gives a high and *distingué* tone to their manner, and teaches them that which society exacts from all who possess accomplishments or special abilities.

To this and to her general training we place the fact that Mrs. Mears' pupils are everywhere distinguished in society, by their superior tone of high breeding and freedom from all embarrassment and affectation.

Throughout the South Mrs. Mears' reputation is omnipotent, and in the elegant circles of Washington her *protégés* make their mark, and her system has become a proverb. To our own citizens we need hardly commend Mrs. Mears' establishment, as a large proportion of the fair children of our best and wealthiest families have received, and still receive, their education at her hands.

**THE PLEASANTEST ROUTE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS** is that which begins at pier 18, North River, on board the Commonwealth or Connecticut, at 5 p.m., taking you along via Norwich and Worcester. By this route passengers are allowed to stop over at any point, and proceed at their convenience. By going directly they reach the mountains in twenty-four hours. By the mid-day train from Worcester, travellers reach Centre Harbor, Woburn, Plymouth, or Wells' River in the evening. The Norwich and Worcester route is the only one to Wier's Landing, Centre Harbor and Lake Winnipisogee. A great stream of fashionable travel sets in for these romantic regions of the North, and all the hotels on the route are highly eulogized by the travellers. Everything is done to contribute to their comfort and pleasure.

**MR. MORE,** late of the Erie Railroad, has just been appointed General Freight Agent of the New York Central. This will be peculiarly gratifying to the patrons of the Central, his courteous manners, general application and promptness in business making him deservedly an acquisition.

### SWILL MILK.

#### ACTION FOR LIBEL AGAINST FRANK LESLIE.

Tuomey versus Leslie.

TOMBS POLICE COURT, TUESDAY, JULY 27—BEFORE JUDGE WELSH.

This case was brought by Alderman Tuomey, of the Sixth Aldermanic District, against Frank Leslie, Proprietor and Publisher of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, for an alleged caricature sketch of said plaintiff, in said paper of the 1st inst., which represented him and Alderman Tucker and Reed as "whitewashing the 'masculine milkmaids' with Leviathan whitewash brushes, at the Sixteenth street cow stables."

The following is the alleged libel, as our reporter took it *verbatim* from the summons and plaint:

"That the said defendant, calling himself Frank Leslie, as deponent was informed and believes, engraved, printed and published, or caused to be engraved, printed and published in a certain weekly newspaper, called *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, of and concerning this deponent a gross and wicked libel," &c., &c.

Mr. Holmes, with Mr. Graham as associate, appeared as Counsel for plaintiff, and Mr. Ashmead for defendant.

Mr. Holmes called Mr. Henry C. Watson, Mr. Leslie's editor, as the first witness for the prosecution.

Mr. ASHMEAD objected to this course of procedure on the ground that the plaintiff was the proper person to examine first, and, after some argument, the court sustained the objection.

Alderman TUOMEY was then called and examined by Mr. Holmes. He said he resided at 212 Grand street; resided in New York since he was nine months old (so he had been informed, and he believed so); he was Alderman of the Sixth Aldermanic District since January last; was a member of the Board of Health of the city of New York—his associates being all of the Board of Aldermen; knew Alderman Tucker and Reed; had been appointed, in conjunction with them, on the Committee for the Examination of Swill Milk; made a majority report of their proceedings; the gentlemen who made that report were Messrs. Tucker, Reed and himself; the Committee consisted of five; Messrs. Cross and Haswell were the other two.

Mr. HOLMES—Did you see in any publication in the city of New York any allusion to yourself as a member of that Committee?

Mr. ASHMEAD—I object to that, because we are not responsible for what appears in any paper in New York. Now, if there is any particular thing to which you can direct attention and you propose to connect that with the defendant, that is something. I therefore ask to have it made more particular.

Mr. HOLMES (to witness)—Do you know a paper called *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*?

WITNESS—Yes, I do.

Mr. HOLMES—Do you know the name of the proprietor and publisher of that paper?

WITNESS—Frank Leslie is supposed to be called.

Mr. HOLMES—You believe him, you say, to be the proprietor?

WITNESS—Yes, sir.

Mr. HOLMES—Look at that paper I now show you, and state if it is the paper to which you have here referred?

WITNESS—It is.

Mr. HOLMES—How did that paper come into this building?

WITNESS—I brought it here.

Mr. HOLMES—How did you get it?

WITNESS—it was handed to me.

Mr. HOLMES—Look at the 11th page of this publication, and state when the print in it was first called to your attention?

WITNESS—It was called to my attention the morning the Board of Health met; I remember the day; the day we made the report to the Board of Health.

Mr. HOLMES—Was it before or after you and the majority made the report that you saw this paper?

WITNESS—Before the report was handed in.

Mr. HOLMES—To whom, Alderman Tuomey, do those figures refer?

WITNESS—To Mr. Reed, Tucker and myself.

Mr. ASHMEAD—Which do you call your figure, sir; that is what I want to know?

Witness pointed it out in the paper.

Mr. HOLMES—For a series of weeks before this these cows were represented in their stables as filled with swill, which shows that this case alone is not the whole of the libel which has been perpetrated; but it was to be taken in connection with previous publications, holding those stables and their animals up to the community—holding them up in the most loathsome way an artist could do it. It libelled Alderman Tucker, and charged him indirectly with a crime most repugnant to any community. The intention of Leslie in this was to libel Alderman Tuomey and his associates.

Mr. ASHMEAD—The answer I make to that is, we are trying no distinct matter here, and it is necessary in all criminal matters that the subject matter should be kept in view. Now, if there were a libel at all, it is a libel upon three or four parties who appear in that paper. When one gentleman is charged with a distinct libel, am I to be told, on any principle of law, that we published a libel upon two other parties who are not here, and who have not taken proceedings? It is just as certain that you must confine your evidence to the specific charge as it is certain you are to define your charge.

Judge WELSH—It may come out as a fact that this resemblance is part of the transaction. If it is the likeness of Alderman Reed, it goes so far to establish the identity of the Committee.

Examination resumed.

Mr. WITNESS—No. 1 of the figures I recognize as Alderman Reed; No. 4 resembles Smith, foreman of the Sixteenth street distillery, between Ninth and Tenth avenues; the stables are about a block from the distillery; they are in Sixteenth street; the distillery belongs to Bradish Johnson; inspected those cow stables and reported as a member of the Committee.

Mr. HOLMES—What distillery furnishes the swill to the Sixteenth street stables?

Mr. ASHMEAD objected to the question.

Mr. HOLMES—Your honor will perceive that there are \$5,000 being put in a very sly manner into the pocket of Alderman Tuomey. I now seek to show the belief, or feeling, that was in the mind of Leslie, and which he sought to force on the community about these gentlemen.

The Court overruled Mr. Ashmead's objection.

Mr. HOLMES (to witness)—You understand my question.

A.—The Sixteenth street distillery furnishes the swill, as far as my belief goes; I received the paper now shown me (marked B) from a man named Smith, one of the attaches of the Common Council, and who is now present.

Q.—To what extent have you seen similar impressions to those in the city of New York?

A.—I have seen numerous impressions to this hanging in the streets of New York; saw them exposed publicly in Broadway.

Q.—Did you, during the investigation of the Committee, have an interview with Mr. Leslie personally?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Was he before the Committee?

A.—He appeared before the Committee.

Q.—In what capacity?

A.—He took a leading part against the cow-stables.

Q.—Was your report in accordance with or against his views?

A.—Against his views.

Q.—As he expressed them?

A.—As I expressed them.

Q.—What was your best belief as to the motive which induced the publication of this wicked libel by Mr. Leslie, if he is the publisher?

A.—As far as my best belief goes, I do not think it was done for the benefit of the community.

Q.—Well, I am speaking now as to its being malicious or otherwise?

A.—Well, my answer to that is, that, in the spirit in which I took hold of it, it was malicious.

Cross-examined by Mr. ASHMEAD:

Q.—How many were there upon the Committee?

A.—Five, sir.

Q.—How many concurred with you in your report?

A.—Two.

Q.—Then there were three altogether?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Was there a minority report?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How many made the minority report?

A.—One—Councilman Haswell. There are twenty-four Councilmen, eleven Aldermen and the Mayor. They did not all vote upon this report; the vote stood sixteen to eleven.

Q.—What was the precise matter you were to investigate in this Committee of five?

A.—The charges were that the milk was poisonous and deleterious to health, and the Board of Health was called upon by the Mayor; the charges were made by letters.

Q.—Did Alderman Tucker, Reed and yourself report that it was not poisonous?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Can you tell me how you are able to designate upon this picture which one is meant for you?

A.—Yes, well; by the general appearance of my figure from the shoulder upwards.

Q.—Is there any other reason but the general appearance of the figure to tell that it means you?

A.—Yes; I judge by the likeness of Alderman Reed that the figure marked 3 is meant for him.

Q.—What do you say to the figure which is holding the \$5,000?

A.—That is Smith—figure No. 4.

Q.—Why do you think that is he?

A.—I take it as a resemblance to Mr. Smith, foreman to the distillery.

Q.—What do you understand is meant by this \$5,000?

A.—I understand that it shows there was a bribe.

Q.—You understand, then, that that \$5,000 which he holds in his hand was intended for you for making the report?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—According to this, the \$5,000 is still in his hand?

A.—It is put into the pocket; it is supposed to be a bribe.

Q.—Are you what they call left-handed?

A.—I am right-handed.

Q.—The white-washing, then, seems to be done with the left hand?

A.—I suppose so; I presume a person can use his left hand whitewashing as well as his right.

Q.—Well, the figure marked 1 you say resembles Alderman Reed?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Why do you think that is the figure of Alderman Reed?

A.—Well, it is; it is a fac simile.

Q.—Well, I have never seen Alderman Reed. Has he a nose like that?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You think that looks like Alderman Reed's nose? (laughter.)

Q.—I do, sir.

ALDERMAN REED (Jumping up)—You see the original before you (pointing indifferently to the picture). I think you can see my nose there (great laughter).

Q.—What do you understand by the coat pocket of Alderman Reed?

A.—I look upon that as suggestive of a bribe.

Q.—How do you account for it, then, if that is so, that your bribe is \$5,000 and Alderman Reed's is only \$50?

Mr. HOLMES—I object to that. This is a most gross assumption, that these gentlemen have received \$5,000 and \$50.

Cross-examination resumed.

Q.—I want to know how it is that Alderman Reed's bribe is \$50 and yours \$6,000?

A.—I cannot account for it.

Q.—Who is this No. 2?

A.—It is supposed to be Tucker.

Q.—I know it is supposed, but it is you I ask who it is?

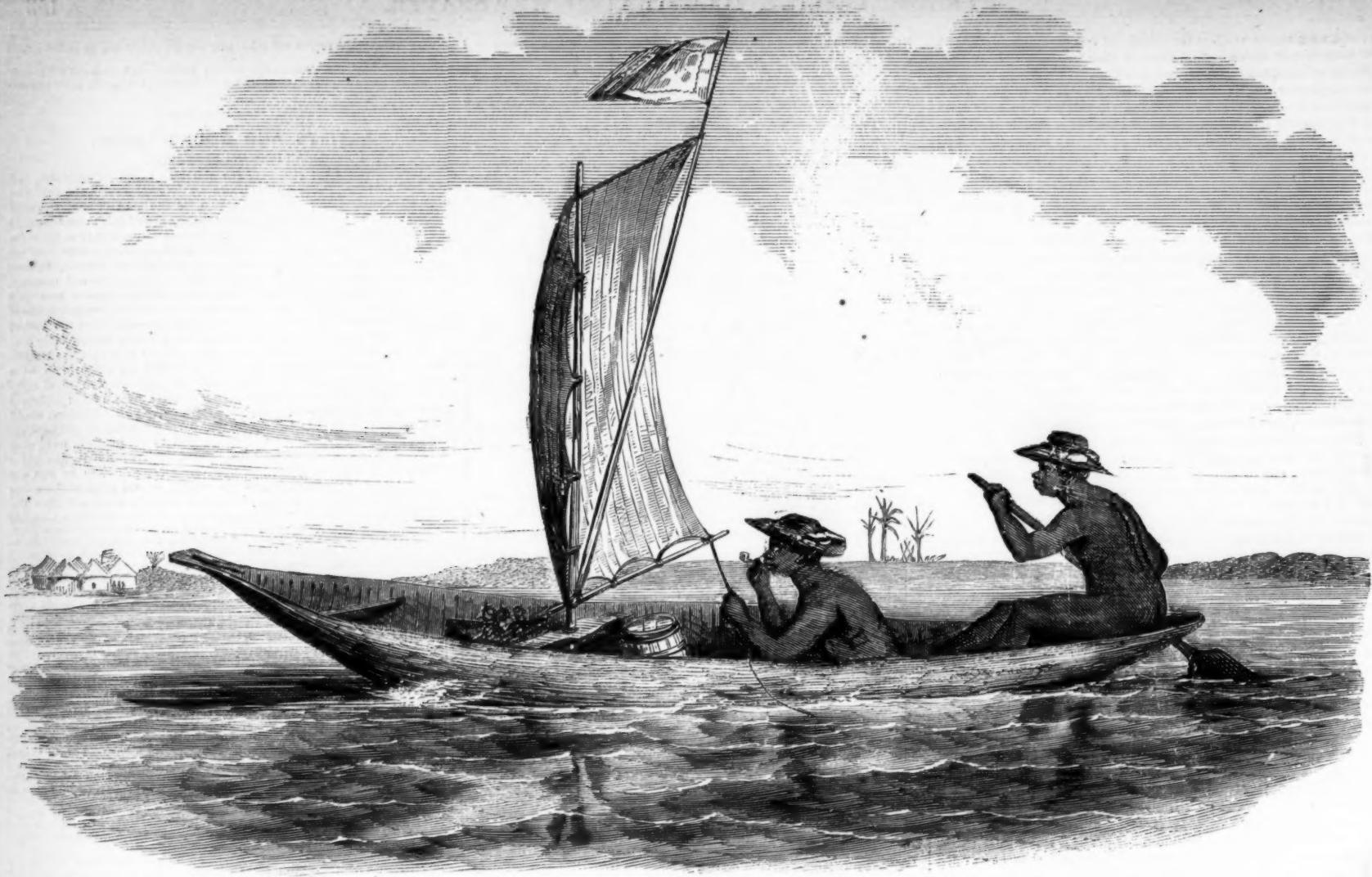
A.—Well, I cannot see any resemblance to Alderman Tucker, but I think No. 2 is meant for him.

To MR. HOLMES—Another reason for believing in the representation is, that the names of Tucker and Reed are there.

Mr. TERENCE P. SMITH examined by Mr. Holmes—Since the first of July last I have been employed as messenger to the Board of Aldermen; was present when Alderman Tuomey gave his evidence a few minutes ago; heard that part with reference to his having received a newspaper from me; I did give him a newspaper about half an hour or three quarters of an hour ago; I purchased it at No. 13 Frankfort street; the place was an office for the sale of papers; it was a printing office; I have seen this paper in numerous other places.

Mr. ASHMEAD—The object of all this is to prove that Leslie publishes this paper. I admit that.

Mr. HOLMES objected to receiving the admission as evidence, and said that admissions and stipulations



A SAILING CANOE OFF THE COAST OF LIBERIA.

**TOUR IN LIBERIA.**

We present in this number the sketch of a canoe, with some of the natives in it. These boats are very ingeniously made of the bark of trees, and are, consequently, of so light a construction that nothing but the skill of the natives renders them safe; and yet these fragile things are often seen on a rough sea, skimming the waves like a duck. Before a stiff breeze the speed of these light canoes is really wonderful, and they seem to bear a charmed life upon the waters. They have a wonderful knack of accommodating the sail to the breeze, very frequently holding the end of the sheet in their hand, while the man at the stern guides the canoe by a paddle with singular dexterity.

During our artist's stay there were several reviews, which really went off remarkably well. He has given one of the drills in the accompanying sketch, naively adding that he supposes the reason why the Liberian Government has no cavalry arises from the fact of there being only *one* horse in the colony, and that is the one which the President rides on special occasions. For darkies the discipline is pretty good—the men wearing that look of solemn importance so characteristic of their color. They are very proud of their flag, and, we are bound to add, they do not use it so much in advertising as our American citizens do. Their duties are not very severe.

**ACCIDENT ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.**  
A SHOCKING accident happened on this line of road on the morning of July 21. A train of empty coal-cars, on their way to

Mauch Chunk, were passing the railway bridge over the Jordan Creek, which falls into the Lehigh river, near Allentown, Pa., in the vicinity of which town the accident occurred, when the structure gave way. The bridge has two spans, and the locomotive had nearly reached the pier, when the span upon which the train was began to give way, quivered for a moment, and then fell with terrible crash, carrying down the locomotive as well as about forty coal cars. The engineer and the firemen, who were on the locomotive when the bridge gave way, were, of course, carried down with it, and were frightfully burned before meeting their death. The following are the names of the killed and wounded:

KILLED.—Joel Field, South Easton, engineer; leaves a wife and three children. Wm. Landers, South Easton, fireman; leaves a wife and four children.

INJURED.—Jacob Meyers, Easton, brakeman; cut about the face and shoulder and otherwise hurt. He jumped from the last car that went over the abutment and received the bruises in so doing; but, no doubt, saved his life by it.

John Kinsey, South Easton, master mechanic on the road, was scalded slightly.

James Donnelly, South Easton, conductor of the train, received severe cuts on the head, but otherwise, we believe, was uninjured.

John H. Wolf, brakeman, of Easton, was hurt, but not severely.

None of the injured stand in any danger of losing their lives from their wounds.

So soon as the news of the disaster reached Allentown, great numbers of the inhabitants hastened to the spot and afforded all the assistance in their power. A car was sent from Bethlehem, Pa., to transport the wounded to their homes, and they reached South Easton about nine o'clock.

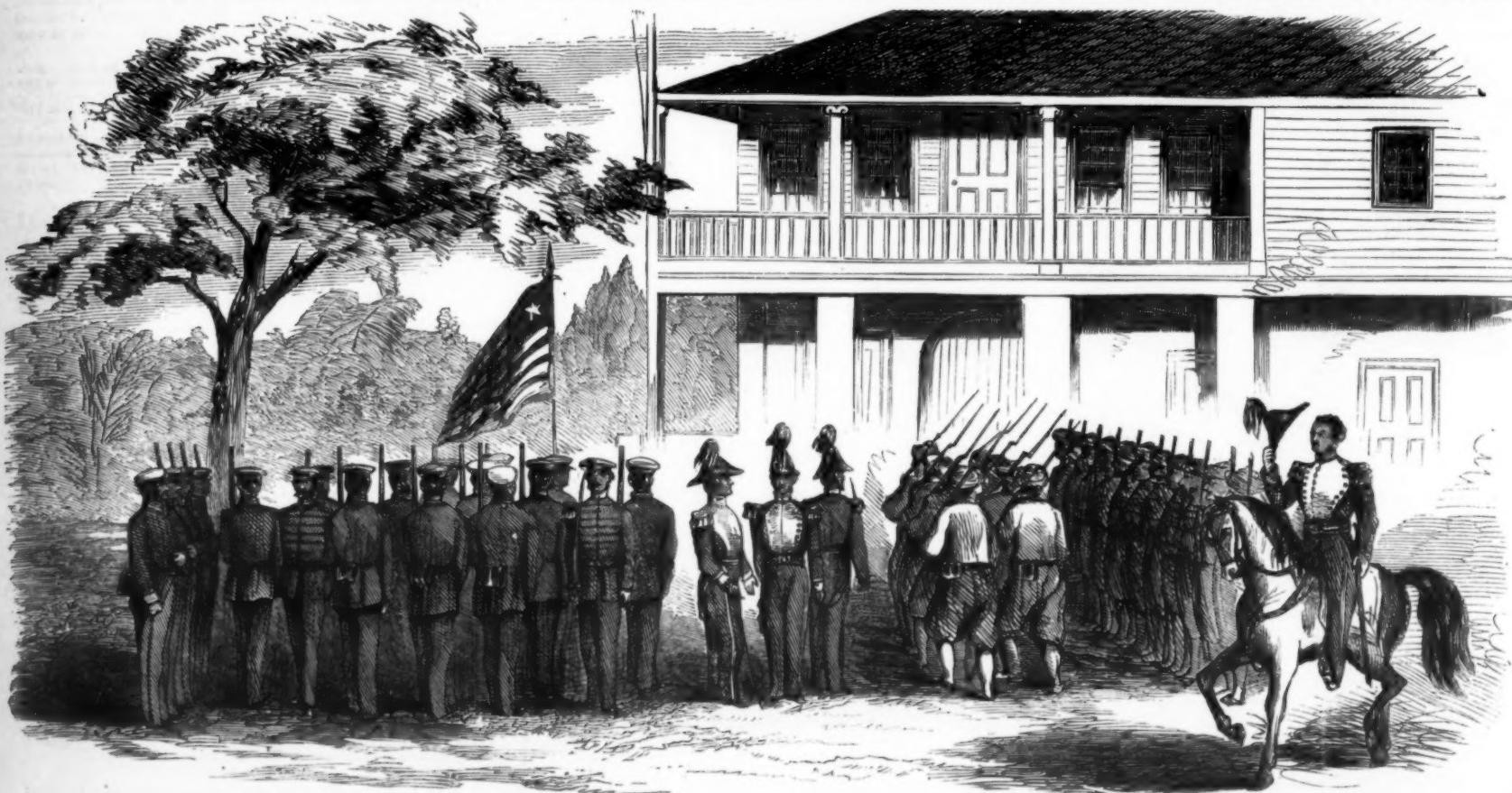
It is still a question in what manner the accident happened,

some accounts charging the bridge with insufficient solidity, and others affirming that the cars were thrown from the track just before reaching the bridge, when, as the speed of the engine could not be relaxed in time, the cars were piled up upon the second span, and thus caused the breaking down of the structure.

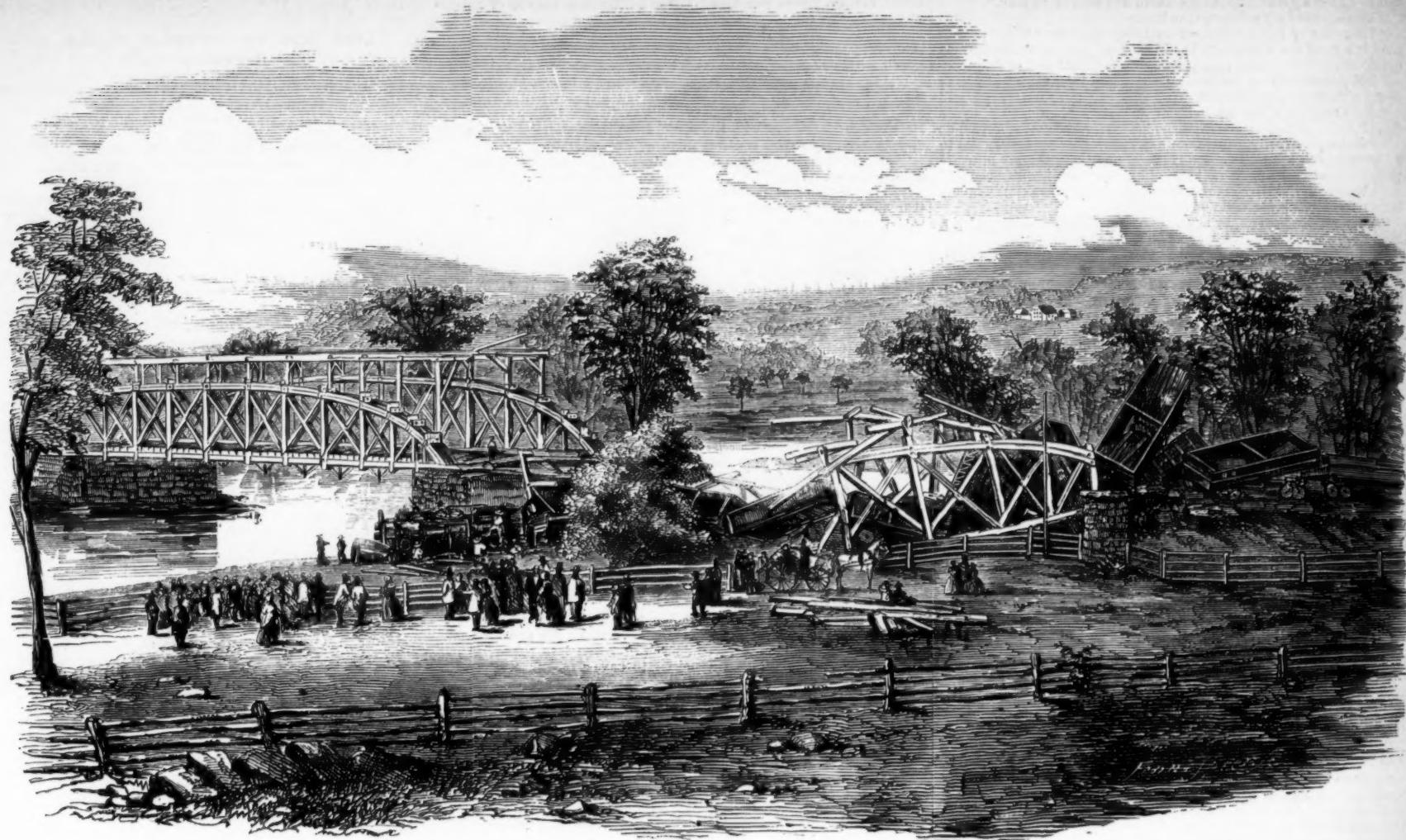
**PRIZES AWARDED TO THE WINNERS IN THE LATE OCEAN REGATTA.**

Two handsome premiums have recently been completed for award to the winning yachts in the late ocean race around Long Island. There are two prizes; one for the schooner *Silvie*, and the other for the sloop *Minnie*. The *Silvie's* prize is a silver water-cask, resembling somewhat a small lager-beer barrel, which can be used as a punchbowl. In the workmanship of this costly prize the closest care has been bestowed on the imitation of the cooper's handiwork. The staves, hoops, heads, bung—everything, in short, which can intensify the resemblance, even to the long, close grain of the wood, is closely copied. The cask is apparently lashed to the deck, and its upper portion is removable at pleasure, leaving the interior open to the entrance and exit of the liquor which it is intended to contain. The article is of sterling silver, and cost some four hundred dollars.

A tub, also of silver, is the prize awarded to the *Minnie*. Here, too, as in the *Silvie's* prize, the most accurate imitation of an actual ship's bucket has been obtained. The hoops are burnished and studded with nails, and the staves corrugated to



REVIEW OF THE LIBERIAN GUARDS BY PRESIDENT BENSON.



FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, NEAR ALLENTOWN, PA., JULY 21.

represent wood. The tub may be used either as an ice-cooler or a punchbowl.

The prizes were designed and manufactured by Messrs. Tiffey & Co.

#### INEZ DE ROBIERA.

#### A TALE OF OUR OWN TIME.

By Ralph Rawlins.

CHAPTER III.—THE EXPEDITION.

My returning steps were slow and tottering; there was not that firmness of tread and elasticity of movement in my gait as usual, and my eyes were cast down in deep and painful thought. My spirits were so low, my feelings so melancholy, that I almost wished

and began to look over them. There was a long leader on Walker—a terrible account of a steamboat disaster—a furious onslaught on some political opponent. These were passed unnoticed. That which arrested my attention was an item which stated that, on the previous night, a small vessel, bearing Gen. Robiera and a few followers, had passed out, eluding the vigilance of the officers, on the way to join the filibuster forces in Nicaragua. No more was said, but it was enough to germinate an idea in my cranium, which idea began to grow amazingly fast as I listened to the conversation of three idlers—common-looking men, who were leisurely puffing their cigars near me.

"Ye heard the news, Bill?" said one.

"What news?"

"Why, 'bout the filibusters. A whole raft of 'em got off last night. Wouldn't ye like to ha' knowed it in time?"

"What'd I keer 'bout knowin' for? I ain't got nothin' to do with 'em."

"No, you ain't got nothin' to do with anything as has any fightin' in it. But I'm blessed if I jest wouldn't like to find the way—I'd jine 'em—well now I would."

"So would I," put in the third—"better believe I would."

"Yes, an' thar's plenty more like us, as I knows."

It was enough. My resolution was taken. Why need I not follow her? What reason was there for my remaining inactive, when there was warm work going on in Central America? I was perfectly idle—had just begun the practice of law, but had no ties to join me to my profession—why not raise a band and join the party of Castillon, under our own American Walker, in defence of the liberties of Nicaragua and the rights of our own citizens on the soil? Had not many gone already? Were they not

"Well, I know of just such a one."

"Do you? Well, jest let me know of I'm wanted, an' you will fine me plum right in, sartin."

"You think you could spot a few more like yourself?"

"Well, I might, then agin I mightn't. Jest a leetle more might an' mightn't, though, I reckon."

"How many—a rough guess?"

"Can't say particularly; maybe ten, maybe a few more 'mong the flat-boat boys."

"You're a flat-boat man, then; where from?"

"Up the river, little above Memphis."

"I like your looks, my friend, and I'll be plain with you. I am raising a company to join General Walker, and would like to see you among my men. A few fellows of your sort would suit me exactly. What do you say to it? Here's the chance you want."

"Well, now, speaking ser'us, I'm for anything o' the sort, but I don't b'leve in goin' into anything rash like, ye see, but I'm blasted ef the idea don't kinder strike me; gl' me a little time an' I kin git two o' my chaps to go with me you can count on three jest 'bout the alifdest fightin' cooks atop o' dirt outside uv old Tenny."

"Very well, what's your name?"

"Hudson—Henry Hudson's my name; anybody kin tell ye who I am—knows every clever man afloat as has the soul uv a alligator in him."

"Then meet me at my office this evening, Hudson, and we'll arrange matters."

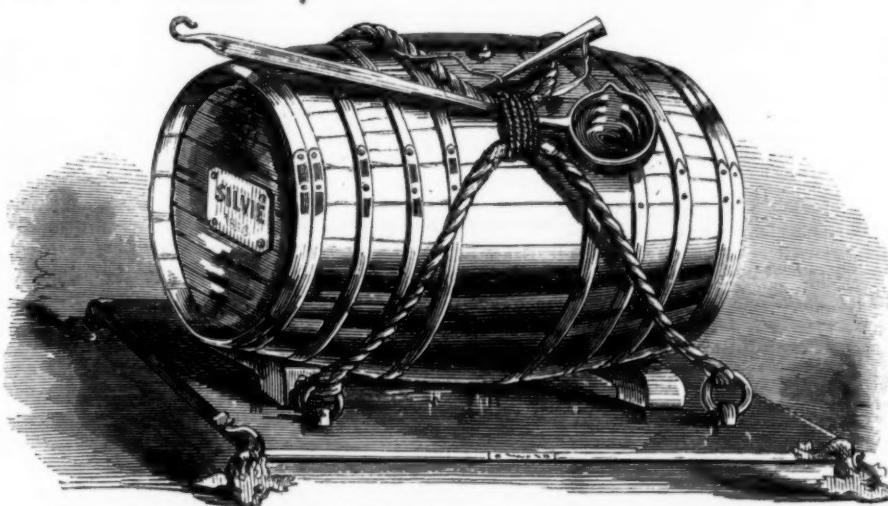
"Jest give me the direction, an' I'll be thar."

Having done so I bade him good morning, and with a much lighter heart retraced my steps to the city, all the way turning over in my mind the sudden project I had formed, which glowed, as I reflected upon it, with great brightness. Its hazard, the difficulties attending it, and the prospects of its success or failure filled my thoughts. How to beat up recruits, rather a new line of business to me, where to find the means of getting off, and the general outline of my plan was fully formed before I reached my office, in the privacy of which I began to draw up a full *modus operandi* of my undertaking, in which I became so interested as to be totally unconscious of the entrance of Tom Cazenau until made aware of it by a slap on the shoulder, and his familiar voice crying out, "Wake up, man, don't kill yourself over that infernal brief, rouse yourself!"

"Oh, are you here? 'pon my conscience I didn't know it," cried I, yawning, after which I unfolded to him my whole project, with the events of the morning in detail, to all of which he paid full attention, not interrupting until I concluded.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"Very rash, very inconsiderate, but a good cause, and one which I believe will be successful."



PRIZE AWARDED TO THE SCHOONER SILVIE, IN THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE.

myself out of creation. Disappointment in anything is painful; but of all disappointment, love is the sorest, as I've found.

Instead of keeping the main street, I cut through byways and passed down alleys like a skulking criminal, till at length I found myself on the levee in front of the river, amongst the vast collection of steamboat-men, negroes, foreigners and cotton-bales, on the latter of which I took my stand, listlessly watching the hurry and bustle around me, and trying to comfort myself. The scenes about me were various and amusing enough to distract the attention from anything but disappointed love. There was that burly captain lustily swearing and railing at his hands; there were the grotesque forms of the professional loaders of steamers, with their iron hooks, rolling cotton-bales aboard, and now and then singing their wild jargon; there, too, were vessels coming in, vessels going out, and vessels puffing and blowing to raise steam. Here was a family arrived a minute too late for the Natchez packet—the matron in high dudgeon, the paternal head very wroth, and the small members of the household in no good humor at being so unceremoniously left; there was a negro trader and his gang just from "up the river," the darky physiognomies of the poor creatures wearing a most ludicrous expression of anxiety. Indeed all manner of individuals, of all nations, engaged in all sorts of employments, were around me; but I could not become interested in any of them, and sat off to myself, thinking. My meditations were interrupted by one of those brawling vendors of news, who, sticking one of his papers under my nose, screeched out,

"Delta—Picayune—mornin' papers, sir; full account of the Nicaragua expedition and the filibusters."

"Give me the Delta."

Having received the paper, and paid for it, I opened its pages

invited? Was there not a field open to all who possessed the energy and courage to cultivate it?

True, there were difficulties. The Government, in its blind and mistaken foreign policy, would throw all sorts of obstacles in the way of the departure of a force emigrating to a foreign shore, thus uplifting its hand against its own people for a nation never friendly, and of no substantial, firm durability. True, money was necessary for the equipment of a party; but were there not hundreds of wealthy sympathizers whose purses were open? Then wherefore live in the quiet of a peaceful city, dragging along in the insipid routine of a law-office and the courts, when a free, open, adventurous career was before me, inviting me to choose between war, glory, the chances of a fair enchantress, and a life of monotonous do-nothing around the Crescent City. Could I waver, doubt, fear? No—there was the option, and I did not hesitate to determine. "Nicaragua for ever!" I muttered, and forthwith stepped up to the first speaker of the three.

"Let me see you a moment, my friend," said I.

Without a word he accompanied me aside.

"You were speaking of Nicaragua," said I, "as though you wouldn't mind taking a little trip over there?"

His eyes sparkled in a moment.

"Yes, I was talkin' sort o' that way while ago to the boys—sort o' in a joke, but I'd be serious, I reckon, ef I had a right peart chance," he replied.



PRIZE AWARDED TO THE SLOOP MINNIE, IN THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE.

"You really do?"

"Yes, indeed; if it were not for present circumstances I would have gone myself. I know William Walker—know him well, and I tell you he is a great man, as the world will see before long."

"You approve my scheme, then?"

"Your idea of going I do most certainly approve. Whether your plan is a good one remains to be seen. You have been exceedingly quick in all of it. Take care you don't go off half cocked."

"Did you ever know me in all our long and intimate friendship to begin a thing without finishing it, or failing to carry out a resolve?"

"No, except in a few matrimonial instances, where it wasn't your fault."

"Precisely—exactly. God knows it wasn't ever my fault. But to be serious, you are well versed in these matters; you are intimate with the principal men about here. Can you assist me materially?"

"Yes, by putting you in the way of aid. Walker has secret agents here; I can bring you together."

"Very good. There's my man, now, I expect," I continued, as a loud knock interrupted us, "come in."

Sure enough, it was Hudson who entered, followed by two others, fine, stout fellows.

"Come in, Hudson, there are chairs. Needn't mind this gentleman, he's one of us. Well, I suppose you and your friends agree to go it?"

"We do that very thing now, cap'n; only show us the documents and we'll sign 'em."

"Glad to hear it, and how are the chances for more? pretty fair, I hope?" cried I.

"Yes, I reckon I kin start up a dozen big ones."

"Real wheel horses, eh?"

"Guess so—they as knows the way a rifle's used; none o' your thievlin' city blackguards."

"Who we don't want. Then we'll suit each other to a notch, I expect. Here is the agreement; all drawn up. Come, stick your fists on it!"

In obedience to this request all three signed the brief article I had prepared, setting forth our aims and objects, after which we made an appointment for the next day, and they took their departure well pleased apparently.

"I like the looks of that fellow Hudson," said Cazenau when they had gone, "there is a most open frankness about him. I've no doubt he's good grit. He looks the filibuster all over. You have spoken to no one as yet except me?"

"No, and the boatmen."

"You've not picked out any one among the better class to assist you, then?"

"No; but I had my eye on Morgan."

"The very man I was going to propose. He is a fine fellow, bold as a lion and in for anything. Besides his brief stay at West Point gave him some military knowledge, which will be of service. Yes, take him, by all means."

"I'll do so. Let me drop him a line right now. There, how will this do? Listen—

"DEAR FRANK,—Come down here immediately. The blood of my forefathers is beginning to boil and clamor against the degeneracy of the hopeful scion of an illustrious line, who, after due deliberation and mature consideration, has resolved to lay aside the toga of peace for the plume of the soldier, and desires the aid one whose abundant experience and long service in the army of his country eminently enables him to give. Walker for ever!"

"Yes, send it along."

In less than half an hour an answer came. That answer was himself.

"Got your note this minute," cried he, rushing in, "and lost no time in coming down. If I understand you aright, I'm with you—with you heart and hand. Walker for ever, and no backing out!"

"You are really in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. Give me a full history—the whole story from first to last."

I did so. Like a man listening to the conditions of his pardon he drank in my words.

"By my soul!" he exclaimed, as I wound up, "it is just the thing! I know of at least a dozen I can get myself. We can make up a respectable company in a little time, and then ho! for Nicaragua and glory!"

"Give me your hand, Frank. I knew you'd be in for it. I felt confident that you were the man above all others for such an undertaking. None but enthusiastic heroes like you would ever do for a filibustering expedition."

"Right—quite right, most noble captain. Two such valiant soldiers as you and I are bound to earn imperishable laurels and immortal renown! aside from bringing back a native princess apleice in our breeches' pocket—that is, her ancestral riches."

"Go it, my Morgan, go it!" cried Tom Cazenau, jumping up and swinging his cap above him. "I feel already happy under the magic influence of your eloquence and the glittering future, which already I see looming up for two such deserving patriots. Go it, I say—never say die! nor rest until you have accomplished the freedom of dear, suffering, down-trodden land of the palm-tree—poor Nicaragua!"

"None of your insinuations against our patriotism, vile cold-blood. Our motive is pure, as my poor old grandfather said when he tumbled into an open cellar, though that motive was pure peach brandy."

"Ah, yes; that puts me in mind of it. I've just received a demijohn of fine old peach. Come, we'll christen it with success to your enterprise!"

Many and tumultuous were the thoughts which crowded upon me that night as I lay upon my pillow. The events of the day, the important step I had taken, and the consequences which might ensue occupied my mind and put me into a train of thinking, such a one, too, as was not usual with me. All the circumstances of the case stared me in the face. The miserable folly of the government—the determined force of Walker—the perfect justice of the cause on the one hand; whilst my bitter disappointment—my love of Inez de Robiera, and the hopes I entertained of once more seeing her in Central America, on the other, were most potent inducements to impel me on. So that instead of losing any ardor on reviewing my course calmly and dispassionately, I was only the more firmly fixed in the resolution I had taken, and urged to hasten vigorously, energetically, the carrying out of my plans.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE DEPARTURE.

In the environs, a little below the city, and only a few steps from the river, was a small obscure tavern, a favorite lodging-place of those river men whose craft lay near by. The out of the way locality of its situation, together with the fact of its being known only to a class of men not very friendly to the rigorous action of Government officials in regard to armed expeditions leaving our shore, made it a convenient and practicable rendezvous; and no sooner was I notified of its existence by the keen and ever vigilant Hudson, than I established headquarters under its hospitable roof, where recruits were received and quickly converted into soldiers, thenceforth taking up their lodgings with the rest, who occupied at least half of the house. In less than a week some thirty had been enrolled—men of good character and undoubted courage, picked up from among the many idlers from up the country, who, having no particular business, and being like most Western men fond of adventure, were ripe for anything which gave promise of a stirring time, with a final chance of benefit to themselves.

Not a rumor of our doings had as yet got into the papers; no hints were dropped on the streets, and everything wore an air of perfect success. My anxiety was great to be off—to go whilst the coast was clear, and when the number of the band reached thirty I determined to depart as quickly as possible.

The chartering of a vessel was all that was left of a troublesome nature; other arrangements had been made. Friends of the cause

were even more numerous than I had anticipated. Money was freely supplied. Each man was furnished with a knapsack, a rifle and a strong suit of clothes. Ammunition in abundance was procured, camp furniture purchased, and in a little time the out of the way tavern—or rather our concealed armory—bore quite a military appearance, to Morgan's great delight, he priding himself on making soldiers of the men and converting our quarters into something like a well regulated camp. Now, the means of reaching Nicaragua.

Whole days were occupied in hunting a suitable vessel, but for a time unsuccessfully. But good luck was not disposed to desert us, after befriending us so far. One evening, as we were sitting alone—Morgan and I—Hudson, who had been elected corporal, made his appearance very suddenly and in quite an excited state.

"What has the matter, corporal—nothing has got out, has there—nobody turned traitor?"

"Nary single one—it's better nor that—I jess tell you, cap'n—than ain't nobody wearin' number twelve cow leather sharper 'an me—that ain't!"

"What have you done now?"

"Found the very cretur—a bit of a brig."

"What—you don't tell us so?" cried we.

"I do that," he replied, full of his exultation, "I do that! We kin git away in two days at the very farthest—maybe less time."

"Come, explain—tell us all about it."

"I will that—only a piece o' my univarsal good luck, an' I'm the dernedest luckiest cove you ever come across, I do believe. Ye see I was a wearin' along the levee, a considerin' how an' the way we'd git clar' o' this here cussed hole, when I run agin a friend—I felt like he was a friend, 'cause he didn't knock me down, as I give him a right smart jolt, I tell you—when he says to me, says he,

"Halloa, Hudson! which way you're travellin'?"

"Why, Cap'n Staly," says I, "is it you—where you bound—I hain't seen you this six year an' more. What on airt are ye drivin' at now?"

"In the Central Ameriky trade," says he.

"Is yo—ye don't tell me. What's your craft?"

"The pertiest sort ov a sailor," he replies to me, taking my arm, "the Lisa's her name. I'm off to-morrow for San Juan—spose you go?"

"Well, I don't mind; but I've got a few more 'long with me—how'd ye like a few passengers?"

"Fine, fine—plenty room," says he.

"Mum's the word, Staly, says I to him then, takin' him aside an' tellin' him all about it. Ye see I saved the cretur's life one time, an' he's mighty beholden to me, an' when I let him into the secret he agreed to it all in a minnit, promising to have everything ready an' wait outside till we'd come down."

"Hurrah! you're a trump, Hudson," cried Morgan, "a real Jack of all trades."

"So that settles it. Where can I see this Staley?"

He'll be down here to-night—made him promise to be on hand," replied the corporal.

"Verily, you are a most astute officer," said Morgan; "I've no doubt you will astonish all Nicaragua yet."

"You jess had ought to see me doin' it."

"Hudson, go down and tell the boys. Have them fully prepared, and watch for Staly, who you will bring up here the moment he comes; be certain," said I.

"All right, cap'n," and he dodged out with that easy, off-hand swagger peculiar to men of his class. As he had promised, an hour or so after dark the captain made his appearance. He was a large, robust man, very red-faced, and of a good-natured appearance.

"Hudson has told you all about us?" I asked, as he seated himself near the table by Morgan and I.

"Yes, everything."

"And you are perfectly willing to take us?"

"Not a bit of objection."

"Your vessel is safe and roomy?"

"Not a sounder craft afloat, nor one that can make a quicker trip. As for room, our cargo's not large this time, and we've room for all you have."

"When do you drop down?"

"To-morrow; we'll wait for you, an' you can come down in the tug after dark to-morrow night."

"Yes, exactly," from Morgan.

"There'll be no sort of mistake, no backing out?"

"Hudson knows I'm not one o' them sort."

"Then for the terms," and we forthwith set about fixing those which only required a little time, as both were disposed to play fair, and after those were satisfactorily arranged the fat captain took his leave. When he had gone Frank and I proceeded up into the city, to communicate our good fortune to Cazenau.

"I'm deuced glad to hear it," cried he, "though, my dear fellows, I hate to give you up; all of us will miss you. Who is there to supply the places made vacant by your going? Where are there such a pair? How I envy you, too; you're bound to see such frolicking."

"And why don't you pack up and go with us, Tom? A great, stout, bold fellow like you, with plenty of money, no employment, and a love of adventure, ought not to lie around a city, imbibing its ennui and injured by its corruptions. Oh, the sin and iniquity with which you are daily contaminated, and the ruinous race you are running, and the sad decay into which you are falling, as you go on, fills me with fearful apprehensions," piously remarked the ex-cadet, shaking his wise head ominously.

"Ah, Frank, you have yet to know that when man is bound to a place by a woman no attraction can tear him away. It is a melancholy reflection the power of that weakness," and Cazenau really sighed.

"Sad, indeed, when we consider that woman rules man and the devil rules her," responded Morgan.

Before day the next morning all our arms, ammunition and munitions of war had been conveyed and carefully stowed away on board of the Eliza, and early in the day she passed on down towards the Balise. The whole of the time up to the period of our leaving was busily employed in making final arrangements, which by nightfall were completed and we were in readiness to set off.

A drizzling rain was falling without, and dark clouds were gathering above, threatening a storm, as we—that is, some half dozen of the set—were assembled for a last drink around a large but not very boisterous punchbowl. There were the companions in whose company so many happy hours had been spent, assembled to see me depart, perhaps never to return. The feelings which irresistibly crept over me were sad in the extreme, as we stood around that social table. We were in the midst of a bumper when the door was opened and one of the men entered to say that the rest were all on the tug, which was waiting for us at the landing. One more glass—one more hearty cheer, and we proceeded to the water's edge, the crowd having determined to accompany us to the brig. Laughing and trying to be merry, we passed down to the Gulf, and at length rubbed up against the Eliza, whose captain was on deck in waiting for us, and to whose care we now consigned ourselves.

"You're going on a perilous undertaking, Jack," whispered Tom Cazenau, pressing my hand tightly as we stood aside; "there is no predicting the result. You may fail, or you may return, but in whatever circumstances you are placed, in sorrow or in glory, in adversity or in success, one thing you must do; think of your best and sincerest friend, and never forget, whatever else you do, Tom Cazenau."

There was no time for more. The steam tug had already unloosed her ropes and was about moving, and he must go.

"I never will, never," cried I.

"Good-bye, God bless you!" and he was over the side and on the other deck amongst the returning band.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" and the little tug was puffing back towards the city, whilst we were cutting through the waters under a light breeze for the scene of war in Central America. the din of a long,

loud three-times-three ringing in our ears, being all that remained to us of the warm hearts of our boon friends and the Crescent City.

(To be continued.)

#### LIVE NOT TO THYSELF ALONE.

Live not to thyself alone,  
For, from the realms above,  
The voice of God is bidding us  
To live a life of love;  
And, like the sweet refreshing dew,  
Our blessings to impart;

While binding hope's pure rainbow round  
The weary, wounded heart.

Why hangs the rose upon its stem,  
In blushing beauty there,  
If not to scatter its perfume  
And fragrance to the air?

It lives not to itself alone;  
For let it bloom or fade,  
It shows to man the hand of God,  
By whom its leaves were made.

The tree that in the highway stands,  
We say must stand alone;

But no, we hear a voice reply,

From reason's holy throne—  
Within the bosom of that tree

Young birds have found a nest:

And there, when loud the tempest roars,

Have found a place of rest.

The mountain stream that gushes on,

With sweet and gentle song,

Repeats—I live not to myself,  
As swift I glide along;

Down in the valley new I leap,

Where, on my margin's brink,

The birds may sing, while those who thirst

May of my waters drink.

Then "Live not to thyself alone,"

Is wrote on everything—

Upon the rose that scents the air,

And on the breeze of spring;

Upon the raindrops as they fall,

Which for our good are given:

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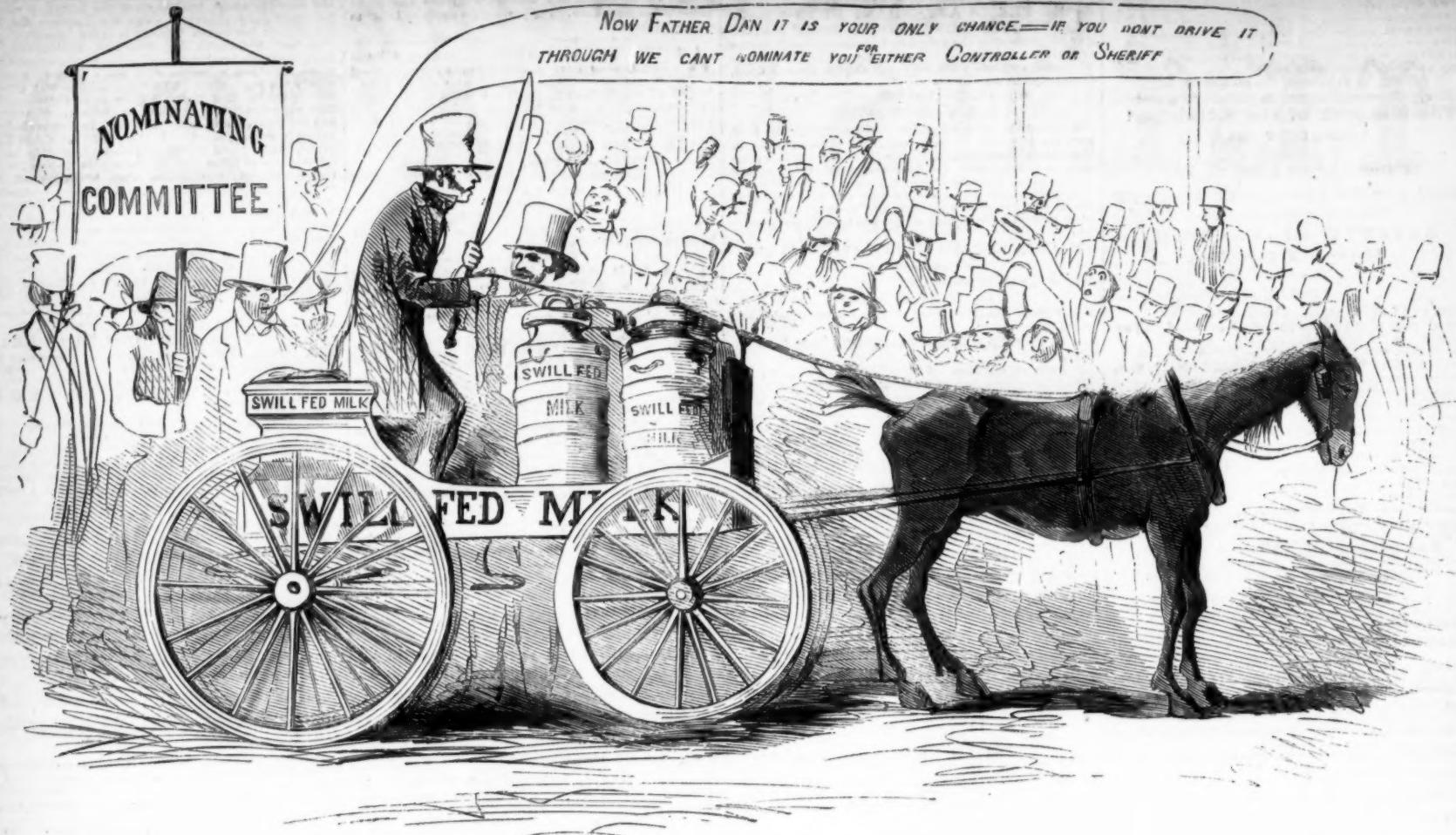
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